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Volume Eight · · · Summer 1948 · · · Number Two

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Down on the Farm—New Style —Walter Goldschmidt

Blacklegs and Regulators
Three Tales of the Indiana Frontier
—Howard Troyer

The Philosophy of Whitehead —Victor Lowe

Robert K. Merton, Gordon Sager
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The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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THE DILEMMA, SO-CALLED, OF THE AMERICAN LIBERAL

By LOUIS FILLER

THE INTENTION HERE is not to bury liberalism or to praise it. It is, rather, to inquire into its elements, and to ask which, if any, retain vitality for purposeful men. I assume that we are living in crisis times, and that this is not the last such inquiry. It is certainly not the first. These have, unfortunately, too often been informed by the spirit of cant and sentimentality, and especially so in dealing with the famous "dilemma" of the liberal. This has never been a particularly suggestive concept. It has generally been a vehicle for self-flattery, and not serious investigation. Here we are, it seems to say, earnest, eager, honest men seeking nothing but the world's good. If only others were like us. . . . Broad-minded and intelligent, we probe deeply into all programs. But we are also feeling people; we look beyond mere programs to man himself. We don't forget the past, but we keep our faces to the future. We hail nobility and courage wherever we can find it; willingly work—more or less—with anybody having a reasonable idea to contribute; and will fight—in moderation—with those who are in the vanguard of human progress. If only those we admire, or, at least, respect, would not take extreme positions which leave no room for dissent! But they will, and we shy of being too critical of them, the genuine doers, the authentic spokesmen of the time. And so here we stand, or, more comfortably, sit, not sure just what we can do. We are in a dilemma.

There are implications here which can be challenged, for example, just how much good will, courage, and even intelligence specific liberals have manifested at any given time, and how their significant qualities

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In December, 1938, on the heels of the Czech crisis, LOUIS FILLER published in *Free America* an essay, "This Suddenly Precious Thing: Democracy." In it he attempted to explain the historic meaning of American democracy and to discover signs of its revival. He mentions this as evidence that he is not here engaged in Monday-morning quarterbacking.

have compared with those of others who would not insist on being called liberals. But aside from that, there are other questions which have to be faced. In the very first place, there is the question of definition: what is a liberal? Nicholas Murray Butler deemed himself one, apparently of a different stripe from that of Charles Beard, who found Columbia University an unenthusiastic host during World War I. Liberals were often equated with communists during the 1920's and since. There is some evidence that communists have sometimes equated themselves with liberals. And what of the socialists: liberals or radicals?

Secondly, there is the problem of results. A person may indeed convince us that he is an authentic liberal: and so what? If he is programmatically weak; if he is like Stephen Leacock's horseman, dashing madly off in all directions at once; if, in practice, he seems to be able to organize nothing but defeats, we might begin to wonder what he is good for. Liberalism tends to be a soothing concept, to suggest honor, decency, reasonableness, free creativity. But if it is actually a depressant, if it is vain, ineffectual, and futile, the uncongenital optimist might well consider whether he ought not to be out shopping for something better.

I am reminded of a meeting which was convened in 1940 to inaugurate a "new approach" to liberalism—a meeting presumed to be attended by liberals. It included some very well-known characters in journalism, education, and other businesses. The meeting highly resolved to examine the current situation, involving, it will be remembered, such matters as the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the European War, the failure of the Spanish Republic, what was held in some quarters to be a "conservative reaction" in the United States, among other matters of more than academic interest.

An outsider found it a real experience to listen to the conversation of some of the participants in the conference. One of them seemed to feel that something had definitely to be done, but he was a little concerned about what the conference ought to commit itself upon. Another complained that she had tried again and again to work with the communists, and always been betrayed by them, always. Since she looked anything but gullible, one had the impression that she had endured an enormous amount of nonco-operation—in just what interest was not clear; perhaps liberalism. All those present agreed on the need for throwing light on the immediate situation. If only the truth could be ferreted out, it would make us free—us, and all our fellow-Americans. And so the meeting set

itself to drawing up elaborate plans for studying and reporting on every conceivable aspect of the domestic situation, and for becoming a rallying point to liberal forces in the entire country.

The subsequent history of this group can be shortly stated. The reports did not come in. The meetings dribbled to nothing. The whole business was mercifully forgotten. In the course of events, one of the mighty figures of the conference evolved into a violent defender of freedom, which he unmistakably identified with free enterprise. Another was cited by the Dies Committee about matters I do not recall being discussed at the conference. Still another went on talking, and to larger and larger audiences, in the somewhat banal way he had talked in '40. So it went. None of my colleagues, so far as I know, departed entirely from our economic and cultural and social life. But one thing is clear: as liberals, as people who were apparently aware that liberalism had been impugned, challenged, depreciated, they lacked what it took to float a standard which would be equally challenging and which could command the respect of the public.

Liberalism has so long been a subordinate part of the procession, a kind of J. Alfred Prufrock "that will do/ To swell a progress, start a scene or two"—to complete the quotation from T. S. Eliot:

> Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
> Deferential, glad to be of use,
> Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
> Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
> At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
> Almost, at times, the Fool.

that it is an effort to remember that liberalism was once the very voice of the country, in excellent repute, and with a long list of achievements to its credit. To be sure, there are those who would maintain that the Franklin D. Roosevelt administrations were liberal administrations, in which case there would be some question as to why there had to be any meeting at all by my honorable friends of 1940. But this brings us back again to the question of what a liberal is or has been held to be.

II

Liberalism, historically speaking (and here we can understand why Dr. Butler entitled one of his books *The Faith of a Liberal*), referred to

free enterprise, an unleashing of social and economic forces in the interests of natural selection. Manchester Liberals could sincerely claim humanitarian aims; Cobden and Bright spoke in moving tones about the effect of the Corn Laws on the poorer classes. But dearer to them was the principle of freedom and individual rights, and they fought factory legislation as a cardinal sin. They and their followers gave way slowly to workers' demands, and only under the pressure of a new type of liberal, who was also interested in liberty, but who better appreciated the need for seeing to it that the machine was to some degree controlled, and its negative effects kept at a minimum. To turn directly to the post-Civil War era, and to America, now wholly in the toils of the Industrial Revolution, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded by the picturesque Henry Bergh, who, as an afterthought, then founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Henry George mixed religion with economics to evolve what he thought was the answer to all human trouble. Suppressed classes made various attempts to raise their social status, sometimes using methods which could hardly be termed liberal, but which had some possible defense in the theory that organized society offered them too little, and that their efforts would help to right the balance. If the person who threw the bomb at the Haymarket in Chicago in 1886 as a protest against police brutality and suffering brought on by economic depression was no liberal, certainly William Dean Howells was, for protesting publicly the railroading of various labor leaders and anarchists to the gallows or prison with only the travesty of a trial.

Here we seem to come closer to the idea of what liberalism, modernly conceived, involves: the seeking of a solution to social problems which will freely express the best interests of the general public—*all classes*—in a reasonable and candid fashion. Henry Bergh, so far as his social thinking went—it didn't travel far—was a liberal; but his societies dealt with effects, not causes. William Dean Howells acknowledged the existence of more fundamental questions, in denouncing the Haymarket executions, but in no penetrating way. Henry George called attention to social distress and offered a vigorous solution. The Single Tax theory has been challenged, but the liberal is no more bound to produce air-tight panaceas than is anyone else. What is important is that George had displayed a social conscience, had offered a reasoned solution to social and economic difficulties, and had made a democratic appeal. Note these characteristics

of liberalism. E. L. Godkin of the *Nation* was one of the most brilliant minds in the journalism of the post-Civil War decades. He was a free-trader, antiwar, and antigraft. But he despised the lower classes, feared democracy and democratic government, and though he had only a limited respect for the robber barons of his time, preferred anything they might do to what an unleashed rabble might. Godkin dreamed of government by an élite, but in effect supported unbridled free—one might say free-booting—enterprise. He was a Manchester Liberal, and, in his time, did not add up to liberty.

It is a striking fact that the developing liberalism of the latter part of the nineteenth century was middle-class in essence. It sought solutions to social ills which would take unwarranted power out of the hands of economic or social royalists, but would not transfer it entirely to any other one group, whether it be farmers, workers, or "intellectuals." Even William Jennings Bryan, a spokesman for the agrarians, remembered, in his Cross of Gold speech, to speak for "a broader class of businessman," and cited the attorney and the worker, as well as the farmer, as deserving consideration. To be sure, the industrial worker nevertheless voted for McKinley in 1896. But that fact reminds us that liberalism in that year had not yet permeated the fabric of American life, that classes were fighting their separate battles as best they could, and were not united on a minimum program which would galvanize liberals in behalf of a *national* drive toward reform.

Furthermore, there is a legitimate question about what kind of future for America our Populists and workers, and the liberals who sought to mediate between them, had in mind. They denounced monopoly and monopoly government, yet none of them was, in practice, willing to give up the high production made possible by industrial combinations. The effect of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890, if taken seriously, would have been to frustrate the powers of business for good, as well as for ill—in other words, to prevent it from achieving greater efficiency, greater stability, greater productive capacity. This was a Jeffersonian implication which the Populists never faced frankly. As for the working-class groups, they were less interested in what the Sherman Act might or might not do to big business than with the fact that it might be used—as it was used—to prevent their own growth and the militant operation of their own unions.

What could satisfy both farmers and workers? Logically, the answer was government ownership of basic industries. But this meant centralizing enormous power in government. The American tradition had always been to attempt to strike a balance between weak government, as theoretically represented by Jeffersonianism, and strong government, as represented by the Hamiltonian ideal. If the liberal-agrarian theory of Jefferson was to be repudiated, who would guarantee the democratic operation of centralized government? It was all well and good to speak of curbing trusts, but who would curb the enormously strengthened government? Suppose it should stop suppressing trusts and begin suppressing people? Here were questions which late nineteenth-century liberals found it expedient to avoid. Their emphasis was upon humanitarianism and the danger to society because of the growth of businesses which added up to a state within a state. This is their justification and their strength. But it is evident, at least today, that the liberals were storing up a great deal of ideological trouble for the future.

From the practical point of view, they proceeded to establish a record which has become historical. It is well-known that the lid blew off the top of the country in the 1900's. Liberal reformers broke loose in every part of the country and scattered old politicians, old laws, old traditions to the winds. They created the city-manager plan, they initiated movements which brought about the passage of laws controlling food standards, forest conservation, working conditions, housing regulations, and other necessary social operations. The long list of achievements of the Reform Era makes impressive reading, and is, in fact, impressive. It should be observed, however, that to some extent there was nothing especially liberal in the ultimate workings of the new laws and institutions. Much of the Square Deal legislation did no more than *modernize* outmoded and intolerable conditions. Frank Hague became mayor of Jersey City, proud of its up-to-date commission form of city government. The battle for pure food simply continued. Housing legislation, again, did little more than provide rules within which conservatives as well as humanitarians could fight their battles.

Above all, it should be noted that the question of the role of government in a business civilization was carefully avoided throughout this earlier reform period. The two major parties continued much as they

had before, despite reforms which could be recorded. And the crucial battle against trusts lagged.

If liberalism which stands up as strong and as generally desirable today as yesterday is to be found in the panorama of reform history, it has to be found in the career of the journalism of the time. This created a host of investigators, analysts, and organizers who brought basic issues of American life into focus and mobilized mass opinion sensationally for social action. The exposés of *Frenzied Finance,* provided by Thomas W. Lawson, an insider, startled the country with their revelations of business practices. David Graham Phillips' blast against the Senate as a treasonable body set the ball rolling which culminated in the passage of the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution, providing for the direct election of senators. The struggle against Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger, led by *Collier's* magazine, not only saved valuable Alaskan holdings of the government from falling into the hands of private interests, but turned a glaring light on organized bureaucracy. In addition, the concerted search for facts useful to the general public created a certain tone of disinterestedness in public discussion which allowed candid reviews of the socialist position, the I. W. W. position, even the anarchist position—not, of course, in ways which always satisfied the groups involved, but in ways which opened the door to their own publications and organizations. These were relatively large, vital, and run by capable leaders. Ray Stannard Baker, who was no socialist, foresaw the dissolution of the old parties. Upton Sinclair was a socialist, and Charles Edward Russell joined the socialists. A magazine like the *American,* which had on its editorial board a skeptic like Lincoln Steffens, a man of the people like Finley Peter Dunne, an aristocrat like A. J. Nock, and such other figures as Ida M. Tarbell, William Allen White, and Ray Stannard Baker, could claim breadth and vitality. The point about liberalism in the age of reform was not that all liberals thought alike, or that there was harmony between liberals, socialists, and syndicalists, to say nothing of conservatives—but that the several social components challenged each other on the basis of their own strength, rather than their opponents' presumed weaknesses; and that the spirit of the times demanded at least the appearance of candor and a willingness to learn on the part of those responsible for public opinion—especially those within the spectrum of liberalism.

III

So far, so good. As historic a phenomenon, however, if less known to history, is the collapse, or, better still, the disintegration of liberal strength in the pre-World War I era. The destruction of the muckraking magazines was effected mainly between 1910 and 1912. In part, the reason for this dramatic demise lay in the actions of private interests which, to put it mildly, resented being treated too familiarly by independent journalists. A good example is furnished by *Success* magazine, which died in a matter of several months despite its half-million readers. In part, however, the cause must be sought elsewhere. The journalists had not created the reform movement out of themselves alone. They had been supported by the public, lifted to eminence, in some instances, almost despite themselves. If the public did not rally to their support in the dark hours when banks refused them credit, when distributing agencies refused to handle their publications, when organized concerns acted to discredit them, confuse their stockholders, infiltrate their business offices, or simply buy them up and transform their editorial policies, it was because their program of enlightenment and reform had lost its hold on the public imagination. It was, in fact, because the magazines stood at crossroads and were required to define their position, to determine where they were going and why, and because they were unable to do so, that they died.

They had consolidated America around the question of domestic reform, but the core of that question they had not touched. What was the meaning of the trust, internationally as well as nationally? What did expanding democracy demand of Americans, at home as well as abroad? Intellectual compromises prevented a deepening of our understanding of these questions. Americans who could calmly accept our Caribbean policy were hardly in position to come to sincere grips with our domestic Negro and immigrant policies. Americans who accepted John Hay as a great statesman, and approved Theodore Roosevelt's boast that he had taken the Panama Canal were not in position to judge the morals of European Foreign Offices.

The support for which the besieged magazines appealed in their distress presupposed a keener sense of wrong in general than Americans were able to sustain. Although muckraking died unnaturally, one can understand why the public should have been satisfied with its national affairs in 1912. The current "Money Trust" investigation gave apparent

evidence that no economic interest was above inspection. Ambitious trust prosecutions portended a growing control over private business operations. The candidates for president were competing with one another in their promises of further and more intensive reforms. Of what special use were the magazines? A slick and upholstered *Collier's,* a senile *Everybody's* (which ultimately became *Romance Magazine*), a deflated *McClure's* did not inspire storm signals, certainly not from the socialists, who had little faith in the traditional American promise, and were perfectly willing to let the muckrakers pass into the shadows.[1]

It is a remarkable fact that the great magazines passed under the halter *before* the Wilsonian reform program got under way. What, then, if anything, distinguished reform before 1912, in the time of Theodore Roosevelt and Taft, from that practiced by Woodrow Wilson? It is significant that Theodore Roosevelt was now preaching a "New Nationalism" and Wilson a "New Freedom," for something new was being added to the national scene which was evolving a new liberalism. Reform itself was still going on, on the momentum whipped up during the earlier reform period; but the heart of reform—the candid, aggressive, democratic inquiries of the unaffiliated liberals—was gone. Something had been put in its place. The turmoil of the old liberalism had precipitated to the surface the problem of *what to do about the economic and social structure of the country;* and more sophisticated liberals than Steffens, Tarbell, and Lawson rose to meet the challenge.

Herbert Croly, in his influential and highly significant study, *The Promise of American Life* (1909), minimized the efforts of the muckrakers. They dealt, he believed, with effects, not causes. Crime, graft, social mayhem in general stemmed from a disorganized society, he believed. The great need of the time was to organize it about a spirit and a system which would attract the best elements of society as administrators. The fault in the American system lay deep; it was Jeffersonian. "Jefferson's policy," Croly asserted, "was at bottom the old fatal policy of drift, whose distorted body was concealed by fair-seeming clothes, and whose ugly face was covered by a mask of good intentions." Enough of

[1]For details respecting these and related events, see Louis Filler, *Crusaders for American Liberalism,* New York, 1939, in particular chapter 28, "The End of Muckraking."

this! America had to be reorganized about another policy: one of "energetic and intelligent assertion of the national good." Hamilton, after all, had the answer. "He knew that the only method whereby the good could prevail either in individual or social life was by persistently willing that it should prevail and by the adoption of intelligent means to that end. His vision of the national good was limited; but he was absolutely right about the way in which it was to be achieved."

It was, therefore, absurd to denounce trusts; trusts were here to stay. Only, they had to be intelligently regulated. All classes and interests of society had to be intelligently regulated. The key word is "intelligently." What, for example, such regulation would mean in practice to the Negroes, whom Croly believed to be "a race possessed of moral and intellectual qualities inferior to those of the white men," was not specified. At any rate, there was an obvious need for a strong and intelligent government, if Croly's program was to be given skin and bones.

This, in turn, meant that there had to be a strong and intelligent Executive. There had to be an end to the vulgar denunciation of bosses. Mark Hanna—whose biography Croly later wrote—had not been subverting democracy with his iron organization of the Republican party. He had been a statesman responding to general social needs, and directing democratic processes. There was too much cant talked in the name of democracy, anyhow. The fact was, Croly insisted, that liberty helps the minority. The masses needed protection from their own inadequacies; and what could protect them but a common ideal which would control all classes? Pride in America, patriotism, a dedication to national interests needed to be augmented—what else could bind the unthinking classes dynamically to the state? Mere humanitarianism signified nothing in contrast to the national destiny.

Croly's thoughts on patriotism and justice were interesting. He sought "a democratic social ideal, which shall give consistency to American social life, without entailing any essential sacrifice of desirable individual and class distinctions." But, to be specific, William Jennings Bryan had disqualified himself by his antinationalism "for effective leadership of the party of reform." How would one recognize the effective reformer? Presumably he would, like Croly, view with grave concern "the recent outbreak of anti-militarism" in France. He would doubtless believe that England had acquired her latest batch of colonies in Africa at "excessive

cost." He would surely approve the wars "deliberately provoked by Bismarck at a favorable moment, because they were necessary to the unification of the German people under Prussian leadership." He would certainly be skeptical about unifying Europe "by congresses and amicable resolutions," and would hold that this could be attained "only by the same old means of blood and iron." And with Croly he would plan, in the bloodless language of diplomacy, a persistent and unappeasable expansionist program, giving not the slightest thought to the feelings and ideas of the colonial peoples involved. What type of *domestic* reform program he would institute while these interesting events were taking place, one could well imagine.

In any event, such perspectives were obviously not for the man in the street, still bemused by humanitarianism. They were for an élite. Croly could observe the disappearance of the muckraking magazines without alarm; and several years after they had died for lack of money could obtain the support of the wealthy Willard Straight for a magazine of his own.[2] The *New Republic,* which he founded in 1914, was content to appeal to the "thinking" minority of liberals, who were less interested in carrying light to the masses than in engineering a plan for America which was essentially Hamiltonian and, it can now be told, had totalitarian implications.

Theodore Roosevelt himself was, of course, more directly interested in the masses, or, at least, their votes, than was Croly, who was content to affirm his convictions and wait for time to vindicate them. Roosevelt embraced Croly's plan with ardor. No wonder he could toss aside his old scruples against moving too fast in the direction of socialization, and borrow generously from socialist and old Populist platforms. Roosevelt was no socialist or populist. He had no intention of destroying monopolies. His aim was to direct their operation. He was an élitist, who esteemed himself better than Americans from most classes of the population. So, less crudely, more intelligently, perhaps more idealistically, was Woodrow Wilson. "It will be understood," Wilson emphasized in 1914, "that our

[2]It would be instructive to ask why so many wealthy patrons were found to support the new liberal, and even radical, periodicals in the 1910's, who would not have put their money into muckraking publications, and who, indeed, opposed them in specific cases. It would also be interesting to determine who, precisely, paid the bills for the *Masses,* the *Metropolitan,* the *Seven Arts,* and other magazines.

object is *not* to unsettle business or anywhere seriously to break its established courses athwart. On the contrary, we desire laws we are now about to pass to be the bulwarks and safeguards of industry against the forces that have disturbed it. What we have to do can be done in a new spirit, in thoughtful moderation, without revolution of any untoward kind."

The reform legislation of Wilson's first administration was legislation handed down from *above*. It did not challenge monopoly; monopolistic combinations remained, substantially, masters in their own houses. It made their operations more efficient, it sought to lance their more obvious bad spots, and cleanse them—in other words, to make them more modern, more readily acceptable, and note, please, without any of the disturbing emphasis upon details and specific individuals which had attended muckraking. Wilsonian reform corresponded, in government, to Taylorization in industry. Though labor-capitalist relations became temporarily somewhat more smooth as a result of the reform legislation, it did not strike at fundamentals. It did not construct an adequate machinery for expressing the changing needs of the several economic classes involved.

The reformers, old and new, responded to the Wilson "revolution" in no very complicated way. A few, a very few of the old guard, like Lincoln Steffens and Charles Edward Russell, perversely refused to notice that the millennium had arrived. Many more, like Ray Stannard Baker, brought the glad news that it had. The less said of individuals like the latter the better. The *New Republic* intellectuals were somewhat more vigorous and alive, their attitude toward the Master of the White House varying from critical to enthusiastic, but in effect they supported the administration. The new liberalism enjoyed its taste of élitism, of being In the Know, of making and, to some extent, even breaking. But if it sounded more modern than did the old, it had a less intimate knowledge of American realities than the latter, and less power to influence the direction American life might take.

Is it so surprising, therefore, that many young and eager intellectuals should have been disillusioned with reform, with liberalism, and should have looked about for programs which had greater apparent vitality and more persuasively promised the better life? Notice that the new liberals, despite their pretensions, were repeating the errors of the old, without even being able to bring the questions which interested them to the general public. The muckrakers had concentrated upon domestic affairs

almost to the exclusion of foreign affairs. The Croly liberals made a fetish of a national program. The crisis of World War I, when it came, found neither of them adequate. Of the old muckrakers, many joined George Creel, also an ex-reformer, in his famous wartime committee, to create the kind of intellectual conformity which characterized the war years. Croly liberals like Walter Lippmann contributed more cerebration to the war effort, but, in effect, directed what little thought there was left into the thin idealism which accompanied power politics. They could ill complain that the masses had not followed Wilson's plans for a post-war world with sufficient care. They had not asked the masses to think. The masses, it soon appeared, could be as opportunistic as they were themselves, as cynical, as tired. If the masses had failed them, they, in turn, had failed the masses.

IV

Hence, one can appreciate the persuasive power which the new Soviet state exercised over the imagination of fresher and less contented elements of the intellectuals. Capitalism, it seemed, had failed to cleanse itself. It had found no way out of its contradictions but war. Free enterprise was a joke when conceived in terms of the gigantic monopolies. Government was fundamentally business, and business was government. Centralization of power was apparently inevitable in modern life; why not, then, establish it in the interests of the toiling classes? The Bolsheviks were no doubt acting ruthlessly, but they were acting at the command of "workers' soviets," they were directed by "democratic centralism," and they were defending themselves against intervention and lies. They were expropriating private property, true, but they were administering it in the interests of the working classes. Was the principle of freedom being compromised, in Russia? Perhaps; but only in the interests of a really new freedom—the right to work in the general interests of the community. Let the U.S.S.R. throw off its enemies, carry its principles beyond its borders, and a world of peace and plenty could be constructed such as the League of Nations did not even dare to offer. Some of the younger intellectuals threw over liberalism entirely to join the new crusade for the final emancipation of mankind; but more of them merely emptied themselves of their old, discredited American content, and began to evaluate the world crisis in terms of what seemed (after Mussolini's march on Rome) the great alternative of communism versus fascism.

That America had something to contribute to the world situation seemed less and less likely as the 1920's progressed. Ray Stannard Baker, in his autobiography, was to complain that his analysis of the postwar industrial situation, *The New Industrial Unrest* (1920), was not discussed with the seriousness to which he had become accustomed during his muckraking days. But the world had widened since then. Baker wrote as though a bloody war had not taken place, as though there was no connection between industrial unrest and international relations. The public was right in sensing that Baker had nothing to contribute to its understanding. So far as it could see, it had been taken for an idealistic ride by Wilson and his educated scribes. It preferred its boozy prosperity jag to Baker's documented drivel. To hell with reform! And reformers, too.

However, America had been historically more than a machine for the production of high-grade bathtubs, automobiles, and slick magazines. It had been an arena for political revolutions, social experiments, and libertarian thought, and could, conceivably, be so again. The liberal found it hard to concentrate on the possibility. His faith in liberalism had been shaken. In the postwar period, which placed a premium on a type of "Americanism" which was made a synonym for smugness, even liberalism came under general suspicion. The time was highlighted by anti-Red raids, antiunionism, antifree speech—Upton Sinclair was arrested for reading the Bill of Rights—and such affairs as that involving Sacco and Vanzetti. The distinguished history of American liberalism was forgotten not only by the communists, but by the conservatives as well. Small wonder that even the liberal who might have been willing to exercise his historic function tended to turn toward the lively radical forces and away from the blank wall of servile intellectual obeisance. To some extent, America was back in the 1890's again, with society atomized, with government legislating frankly in behalf of big business—but without a strong, native opposition, such as Populism had been.

Here was the central difference between the 1890's and the 1920's: *the liberal's belief in liberty, in his own democratic energies and those of the American middle-class, had been compromised.* Babbitt, as seen by Sinclair Lewis, impressed him as hideously real. Walter Lippmann's liberalism seemed as far from the scene of fundamental issues as that of Al Smith. He himself was as far removed from the masses as either. The LaFollette bid for the presidency in 1924, which might well have fur-

nished him with a new beginning, was, in fact, an end. Not only did the liberal lack political power; he lacked humanitarian strength. Felix Frankfurter wrote the most cogent analysis of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but he, and men like him, were unable to save them. Is it surprising that other, more frustrated liberals should have begun to despise themselves, and feel that they had nothing original to contribute; that others better understood than they did the fundamental forces of society, that they were the "unpossessed," as the novelist Tess Slesinger was to call them, who needed a master?

V

So we come to the 1930's, when social need once more waylaid the masses of Americans. The first Franklin D. Roosevelt administrations resulted from a general upheaval. The question is whether one can find in them the kind of liberal direction which can be distinguished in the pre-World War I era. To be sure, Republicans saw in the New Deal a grave for the American way. Old Progressives and Wilsonians served in official capacities. A large network of reforms was erected, and the administration undertook to see that no one starved—or, at least, that relatively few people starved completely. However, since 1900, perspectives had changed. In 1932, the problem of Whither America? stared Americans directly in the face. The spirit in which the New Deal as a whole attempted to meet it is well expressed by Ed Flynn of the Bronx, in his book, entitled without irony, *You're the Boss:*

> The fundamental idea insofar as the New Deal was concerned was the President's own. . . . He believed the entire world was trending to the Left, and subsequent events proved he was right. This was a world-wide trend that few people saw as early as he did. But he felt that in order to preserve the capitalist system much legislation had to be put on the books that was Left of Center.

It is absurd to call Flynn a Democratic wheelhorse whom Franklin D. Roosevelt endured for the sake of the higher good. Flynn was an integral part of the New Deal. The Administration was an uneasy pilot working its way between aggressive elements of the Right and the Left. It was liberal in the sense that it struggled for a middle way, but the pressures to which it responded, and which helped define it, were not liberal. All of them were overshadowed by the gigantic, world-wide struggle between communism and fascism. At best, the New Dealers

were Croly liberals, accepting the need for strong government regulation and trying to meet the needs of modern life. They were in positions of power, but not in position to criticize themselves adequately, even if they had felt like it. At worst, they played a ruthless game of domestic power politics with nonliberal elements. Judge Gary, of United States Steel, had, a generation before, had the temerity to say, "We are all socialists today." A contemporary cynic might as justly have said—one was reported to have done so—"We are all communists today."

What did the New Deal accomplish? It rescued free enterprise, but at a cost. It was no small achievement for it to have welded our cynical, absent-minded, indifferent, and uninformed post-World War I classes together for the crisis of 1939-1941; but was that the best it could have done? Had we no right to hope for anything better? It concentrated on domestic problems, and in this way repeated the old errors of reform. The record is clear. Was the meaning of the London Economic Conference hammered out in open democratic debate? Was the Japanese movement upon the Chinese mainland? What was the role of the United States in the Italian Ethiopian adventure? How did we respond to the Spanish Civil War and to the complex questions posed by the Madrid Republican government?

Here was the liberal's opportunity. The New Dealers were busy with their nationalistic enterprise. The harassed economic and social interests, the socialists, fascists, communists, and Republicans were absorbed in partisan concerns. Here was the time for the liberal to make himself heard, to speak in the name of liberty, reason, and all the other household gods he carried around with him. How did the liberal stand on the questions which pressed upon him?

I think we can generalize. I think it can be said that the liberal—lost in the ramifications of the *New York Times, Today, Life,* the *Daily Worker,* and the *New Leader,* not to mention the numerous governmental and quasi-governmental agencies tossed up by the economic crisis—was not a thing of beauty. I believe it can be said that too often the liberal acquiesced in formal government operation, permitting, as someone has said, the nation to function in behalf of the diplomatic service, rather than the other way around. Nor was his inability to affect fundamental government policy accidental. He had alienated himself from mere Americans, and could not influence them on basic matters.

Too often the liberal let himself be led by the nose by radical elements, and to accept party lines without question. "We all worked with the communists," one of the Washington livestock told me with a deprecating smile. The liberal, in other words, continued in abdication, his function as a mediator, as a bringer of light, as a challenger of pretensions remaining where he had put it after the fiascos of the 1910's. Radicalism had become a vested interest, much as were industry and labor. The liberal continued to conform, only, now, he broadened the field in which he conformed. The liberal in the State Department, for instance, who drew his stipend and went home to read his copy of the *Daily Worker,* now conformed to radical protocol as well as conservative. The same was true in unions, colleges, on magazines, and elsewhere.

Hence, it had to be Westbrook Pegler—no liberal, in my opinion—who denounced labor racketeers, naming names and stimulating action. It had to be Martin Dies—again, no liberal—who conducted more or less open forums on the nature of radicalism in America, the liberal's contribution being to click his heels and come to attention, to shout Amen and Halleluiah whenever his masters peremptorily reminded him that "Dies lies!" Marx and Engels, in the *Communist Manifesto,* had written, "The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions." But now communists less and less disdained to conceal their views and aims. They emerged as, and, in cases became indistinguishable from, misunderstood liberals who were being persecuted because of their attachment to what was called "Twentieth Century Americanism." They must have had support. A distinguished educator, later himself actually accused of fascistic tendencies, informed me that it was not good policy to discuss the right and wrong of communism; it suggested, of all things, demagogy.

The present writer witnessed the browbeating, as it seemed to him, at a public forum, of Scott Nearing by some permutation of communist or fellow-traveler—Nearing, who had made his reputation as a fighter for academic freedom. Picket lines kept the liberal out of motion-picture houses; he had to console his curiosity with newspaper reports that the films in question were unhealthy for his tender mind. Money baskets rattled before him at meetings, and it was the brave man who refused to save his soul by putting his nickel on the drum for the Abraham Lincoln

Brigade, workers defense organizations, strike committees, dance groups, and the support of militant publications. At his office there were perhaps petitions to conjure with, undercover or otherwise, and other worthy causes that only suspicious characters would have the boldness to question. Liberals signed and mailed form postcards protesting (presumably they did not have the brains to construct protests of their own manufacture) the meagerness of relief appropriations, the curtailment of work projects, the increase in the War Department budget, and the like. All these cards were neatly collected according to subject by Government officeworkers, and consigned by them to the Gripe Department files.

It is too easy to blame the communists for such antics. Were they so numerous that they could intimidate hardy noncommunists? What prevented the liberal—if he was a liberal—from crossing the picket line and seeing the movie for himself? Who forced him to go to meetings and imbibe the party line? Is there any escape from the conclusion that there was a little piece of totalitarianism in the liberal himself? That he was torn two ways—by his Croly thinking, on the one hand, his "worker's fatherland" feelings, on the other—and so was adrift from liberalism?

One looks not too happily back to the *Nation* of E. L. Godkin's time and compares it with a more contemporary *Nation*. Godkin was no great shakes as a liberal, as we have seen, and his journal ignored whole universes of living affairs. No doubt he could afford to ignore those who resented his aristocratic contempt for the masses. But his point of view emerges clearly and unequivocally from the pages of his magazine. Can one say the same for the modern *Nation*? Or the *New Republic*? Can one trace a straight line of inquiry and analysis in their pages? Compare their recent past and present with profit?

One recalls an article in the latter publication written by Carey McWilliams in appreciation of the late Humphrey Cobb, whose novel, *Paths of Glory*, etched a bitter and moving picture of World War I. Mr. McWilliams praised Cobb's unadulterated courage and honesty—which, by the way, found no better vehicle of expression than service to Hollywood —as being almost unique in modern times—unique, presumably, also in the pages of the *New Republic*. Are courage and honesty outmoded? Mr. McWilliams did not seem to imply as much. But where he expected to find it, he did not indicate.

For the liberal has now sprouted a new characteristic: scratch the liberal to find a cynic. He has seen too many vital energies poured into purportedly altruistic causes and reappear in the form of private ambitions. He has witnessed too many defeats. He has participated in too many barbeques which were supposed to be prepared for society in general. He has caught himself too many times still talking long after his conviction has seeped out of his shoes. He goes on talking—what else can he do? He continues to take additional helpings when he gets close enough to the spit. He continues to complain about the really bad men who are responsible for the world's troubles. But he can hardly help noticing that he himself is not hanging from a cross on Calvary, and that his programs have less and less likelihood of being fulfilled.

Perhaps some of the most depressing memories which the liberal has inherited from the 1930's relate to his capacity for loyalty and steadfastness and that of others of what he liked to term "the forces of progress." German Communists, Socialists, and Republicans died as the dog dieth in the Nazi bloodbath of 1933—who remembers their names, and what they stood for? Have Americans better memories for their own? To escape briefly into literature, who will find dignity and significance in the life and death of John Dos Passos' hero in *Adventures of a Young Man?* More specifically, who, here in America, cares to remember the Friends of the Soviet Union? Who will recite the anticlimax to the Scottsboro case? V. F. Calverton wrote of *The Liberation of American Literature;* many of the liberators are still alive. Who will review their services to American culture?

The extreme thinness of contemporary liberal history has not been entirely due to the rush of events. Too often the liberal has found it unprofitable to remember old issues and campaigns. In fact, he has sometimes found it expedient to hasten the process of forgetting, even to the point of suppressing would-be troubadours. J. B. Matthews, in 1938, wrote a wretched volume entitled *Odyssey of a Fellow Traveler,* but one which was filled with reproductions of letterheads of organizations, telegrams, leaflets, and other material referring directly to all manner of people who called themselves liberals. Who ever saw a review of this book which even denounced it as the whining apologia of a renegade? Who ever saw the book?

I am not sure that the liberal's repudiation of his radical, or otherwise ineffectual, past was entirely contemptible. Can it not be that he permitted himself to be led a considerable distance from his own people and his own integrity—using the word in a scientific sense—only to find, at the end, that he could not take the final step of severing himself from his roots? Perhaps it speaks well for the liberal, for his human, if not heroic, qualities, that, after he had burnt up old magazines and pamphlets in fright, and made a habit of ignoring old acquaintances, he began to find his way back, to "rediscover America," as the phrase went, to begin to look for positive qualities in the American way.

The liberal was no decisive force during the late war. Too often, he was merely glib, in the style of Archibald MacLeish, among others, or merely one of the help in the OSS, the OWI, and other government agencies. Some of the most serious statements about what America was, or ought to be, came from individuals who had no special fame as liberals. In any event, the war effectively internationalized, finally, the problem of business and government, and the atom bomb made its solution more drastically urgent. This situation has offered the liberal, so to speak, another chance. He, like others, has a sense of vast forces having been let loose which can play with merely human efforts and aspirations. Like others, he has his impulses to give up the ideal of human dignity, and seize on some consoling philosophy which will prepare him for anything. Yet, if he is truly a liberal, he must know that a world in which men cannot respect themselves would hardly be worth the powder to blow it up. He must, if he has regained his self-respect, insist on a solution to social problems which does not insult his heart and mind.

Here, it seems to me, one comes upon the genuine dilemma of the liberal, if it can be called that. In a world which tends more and more to march in lockstep, to put a premium on special interests rather than mutual interests, to discount the human impulse to link itself to old experience, he is required to forge a program which will bring the major contestants to terms. How much free enterprise offers the future, how much the methods of socialization, who can say precisely? It is no negation of liberalism to keep the mind open to the possibility that more socialization than one might offhand think will be necessary to a working society. Even L. T. Hobhouse's old book on liberalism, emphasizing Manchester traits rather than humanitarian, recognized that liberalism would

have to adapt itself to many features of socialism. England accepted factory regulation, old-age insurance, unemployment insurance, minimum hours and wages, and she is now struggling with broader socialist measures. But whatever form of society the future may demand, surely it requires organization and methods which will respond to the needs of special social groups. Can the liberal serve his fellow-citizens better by following special party "lines" (radical or conservative) or by—in the time of atom bombs—candidly investigating the reality of various points of view, and insisting upon candor?

The liberal is first of all a person; he might well begin by insisting upon that fact. He is a citizen. He must see that he is a part of the scene, as unmistakably as the courthouse, the ward heeler, the Civil War cannon in the public square, the ramshackle house where a Negro lives. Liberalism as a weak, ineffectual instrument, eager to understand all sides of all questions for fear of subscribing to any properly deserves contempt. A liberalism which does not require courage, conviction, social-mindedness, and also the will to make a positive contribution ought hardly to be taken seriously. But the liberal, conscious of the degraded position into which he has sunk, aware that his freedom to weigh and decide has too often been taken away from him with the excuse that there is an emergency, and not a second to lose, might well rebuff attempts to push him in any direction before his inquiries have been satisfactorily answered.

If the liberal cannot speak out, in one way or another, what is truly on his mind and the minds of his fellow-citizens, he deserves to be despised and ignored. He will, in that case, be everything he was once so scornfully called, before it became fashionable to be called a liberal: petty bourgeois, deviating, vacillating, opportunistic, ultraright, ultraleft, objectively counterrevolutionary . . . and above all, that thing of special scorn, an "intellectual."

Whether the liberal can save the world is not certain. It's not certain just who, if anyone, can save the world. But the liberal has a function to perform, and he must perform it effectively. The question is not, merely, whether he can satisfy himself that he is correct; "the question is," as Humpty Dumpty wisely remarked, "which is to be the master—that's all." And if liberalism cannot serve society in general any better than it has served it in recent decades, then the future is not likely to be any brighter, the promise of American life closer to fulfillment than it has been—at least for liberals.

BLACKLEGS AND REGULATORS: THREE TALES OF THE INDIANA FRONTIER

By HOWARD TROYER

HOW THE FARMERS OF MILFORD TOWNSHIP ORGANIZED THE REGULATORS AND MALCOLM BURNHAM CAME TO PEACH ON THE BLACKLEGS

IT WAS WHEN the farmers of Milford township organized the *Regulators,* Uncle Perry said, that they ran the blacklegs up salt creek. But it took a mighty long time.

It's a whole lot easier—every feller fer himself and the devil fer 'em all.

Hot money had come to be a lot more common than cold and every night highwaymen and horsethieves were riding the roads. The summer before Seth Wallace and Ezra Sears had both lost teams. Later on that fall when Hoss Rogers had caught a fellow stealing his saddle horse and he and Henderson Potts had given him thirty lashes—extra legal—the blacklegs had backcapped by burning down Hoss' barn. And that very spring two of them had broken into Fred Able's store at Applemanberg, emptied the cash box and carried off two sets of harness and a dozen bolts of calico, along with a good many pairs of boots. But the worst thing of all was what happened to Old Joel Bedford.

Old Joel lived a mile east of the post road, about a mile and a half this side of South Milford. He was a widower, staying alone in the old, double log cabin, his wife dead for some years, his son out west, and his daughter married to a fellow by the name of Cringle over on the Haw Patch. Old Joel had some money, that everybody knew. He never spent

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These three tales make up a second group by HOWARD TROYER to appear in the *Review*. (The first appeared in Spring, 1946.) Mr. Troyer recently received a Fellowship in Midwestern Studies from the Newberry Library to complete the series, which will run to about twenty-five stories.

a cent, not even buying himself a stove to cook on, and wearing his old buckskin breeches till he was eighty and maybe buried in them in the end, for all he knew, Uncle Perry said.

Old Joel always got up early, sometimes before daycrack, and one morning early in the fall, just as he was buttoning his breeches, two men came riding into the yard and tied their horses. It was still dark, but Old Joel could see them, from where he stood on the stoop, come walking up towards him between the two cabins.

"Howdy," says Old Joel.

"What we come fer ain't howdyin'," says one of the fellows.

With that he grabbed Old Joel's arm, twisted it behind his back, and pushed him inside the cabin where he slept.

"We're after the money," he says. "Where is it?"

When Old Joel wouldn't say a thing, they pushed him into a chair and tied him down. They cut a swath through the cabin, tearing the blankets off the bed, cutting up the old shuck-tick, emptying the chest upside down, and feeling around the floor puncheons to see if one was loose. When they didn't find a thing, they went across the entryway into the kitchen. There they emptied out the cupboard, ripped the hinges off the old wash-sink with the leaded-in top, and tore the mantle off the fireplace looking for a hidden crevice in the stone. They emptied the flour bin, ran their fingers through the flour, and even cut open an old cheese that Joel had on the shelf covered with a piece of muslin.

"Goddam you, where's the money?" says one of them coming back and hitting Old Joel over the head with the leg of an old bench he'd broken off by kicking it with his foot.

But Old Joel kept shut-pan and wouldn't say a word.

"By god, you'll talk," says the second fellow.

Then they dragged Old Joel over into the kitchen cabin, where one of them raked the fireplace ash till he came down to some live coals from the night before. He took the old dutch oven off the hearth and filled it half full of live coals with the fire shovel. Then they tore off Old Joel's breeches, set him down on the dutch oven, and held him there. It damn near burned all the skin off his backside before he broke down, Uncle Perry said.

"It's in the bedpost," Old Joel says finally. "The right one at the foot is holler."

They left him lying there and he was that weak from the burning and beating that he couldn't move at all. It wasn't till late that evening that Jim Sollers, one of his neighbors, found him, minding he said that he hadn't seen Old Joel about all day, and hearing the mooley lowing in the barnyard, her bag was that full.

When the fellows in the township came to know about Old Joel and what the blacklegs had done to him, they were mighty roused up. Burning down a barn, or breaking into a store, or stealing a horse was one thing; beating and burning an old man and letting him lie there—that came nigh onto murder. The next night there was a big crowd into Captain Barry's saloon at Mud Corners.

"Goddam me," says Hoss Rogers, "we ought to get every jack man in the township that's got a horse and gun. We could ride down and raid the Tamarack House and iffen we don't find 'em there, start in combin' the swamp."

"I'm fer it," says Bill Kingsley.

"I figger the time has come," says Minot Goodsell, "when we got to do somethin'."

There was a lot of talk about forming a posse then, and more than one fellow was ready to ride, though it wouldn't have done them much good, except maybe to burn the Tamarack House to the ground. But even then they wouldn't likely get the men they were after. And for the tamarack swamp itself, it was too big and filled with bogs and quagmires for a man to venture into, and anyway the men might have been from Northport or Rome City or even Kendalville or Fort Wayne. But the feeling was running high.

"What about Latta's mill down to Northport?" says Joe Foos. "I hear say there's fellers a-ridin' in and out of there every night. We could burn that down."

"Hold on, men," says Judge Seeley. He was the justice of peace for Milford township and came right over when he heard what was going on. "You can't do nothin' illegal. I hear say over at La Grange," he says, "that some time back the state assembly passed an act makin' it legal for fellers to organize, if they do it right, a regular society to put down horse-thieves and counterfeiters. I say, you fellers ought to do that. I'll look into it."

"That's the right thing to do," says Minot.

"All right," says Hoss, "and before sundown tomorrow."

"I got to get the legal papers first," says Judge Seeley.

The very next day he rode over to La Grange to look up the legal end of it, and two days later they called a meeting at Bullock's schoolhouse over at Wright's Corners. Minot rode around the township, telling the men about the meeting, and Hoss brought along about twenty men from up around Applemanberg and Mongoquinong. There were a good many fellows from Mud Corners—Bill Kingsley, Lafe Kinsman, Ezra Sears, Joe Foos, Captain Barry, and Abar Cain—and two or three of Old Joel's elbow neighbors, like Jim Sollers and Malcolm Burnham. Malcolm was a newcomer to the neighborhood. Early that spring he had bought out the Abe Beechy place, just a mile this side of South Milford and a half mile east of the old post road.

"Well, men," says Judge Seeley, calling the meeting to order, "we're here to organize a society to protect this community against blacklegs and counterfeiters, and I'm a-goin' to tell you how to do it. You can elect up to fifty men, that's the law, and every one of 'em has got to sign these papers. First you elect a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer, and they make up a membership committee and pass on every man that wants to sign up. If a feller don't qualify to be a member, they reject him and elect someone else to take his place. Then you take these papers over to La Grange and file 'em with the county commissioners. Every man has got to take an oath to abide by the decisions of the group. If anything goes wrong, or any man does what he's not supposed to do, the whole organization is liable for him, down to the last man. That's the law."

"Whew," says Lafe Kinsman, "what does a feller get fer all that?"

"Every man elected is just like a constable," says Judge Seeley, "but there isn't any pay."

"What do we need all that fer?" says Joe Foos. "We can hang a horse-thief iffen we catch him without all that."

"That we can," says Ezra Sears.

"I'm fer doin' it legal or not a-tall," says Minot.

"The way I figger," says John McNutt, "the lessen a feller's got to do with the law, the better. I don't want a dang thing to do with it iffen I got to sign any papers."

"That's right," says Malcolm Burnham. "I move we leave this to the regular officers and courts of law."

"Goddam me," says Hoss, "we've been doin' that fer a mighty long time, and they ain't treed a coon yet. Seth and Ezra here lost their horses, Fred got his store broke into, and every feller here knows what happened to Old Joel. He ain't a-settin' down fer a spell yet iffen he'll pull through a-tall. I say it's high time to quit swappin' knives and get into the saddle."

"Bein' a neighbor of Old Joel's," says Malcolm, "I feel mighty bad, but as I see it, there ain't a dang thing a feller can do —"

"By god," says Hoss, biting in, "he can spit on his hand and try."

"Except ridin' posse," says Malcolm, backcapping at Hoss, "and that's like tryin' to beat the devil at his own game. You get a lot of fellers in the saddle and who knows what's likely. The first thing you know they'll be fer hangin' somebody."

"I ain't askin' fer that," says Hoss, "lessen it's the only way to stop it."

"But it's what's likely," says Burnham, "and you heard what Judge Seeley said. Every feller that signs his name is responsible fer what happens down to the last man. By gum, the only feller I'm a-goin' to be responsible fer is myself. You go rousin' up a lot of fellers —"

"Mr. Burnham," says Hoss, getting riley, "I figger we ain't rousin' up a lot of fellers. We're just a-talkin' amongst neighbors. I trust my neighbors like I do my own right hand. I figger what we do—all of us standin' together—is bound to come out all right."

"Not when you're a-takin' the law into your own hands," says Malcolm.

"The law," says Judge Seeley, cutting in, "is the express will of the people, and contrariwise, I figger, the will of the people is the law of the land. For me, I say whenever a people or a community feel themselves thus aggrieved and imposed upon by a gang of felons, they got a right to demand redress, and if the sheriff and the courts of this county fail to come to their rescue, they got a right to act for themselves. You fellers know where I stand. I say, go ahead."

"Huzzah fer Judge Seeley," says Hoss.

"Huzzah, huzzah," says a lot of other fellows.

"I move we organize," says Ezra Sears.

And that's what they did. Minot Goodsell was elected chairman, Hoss Rogers, secretary, and John Longyear, treasurer. Then they voted to call themselves the *Milford Township Regulators.*

"Every man here who wants to join, sign his name before he goes," says Minot, and a lot of fellows came right up, crowding around the table to pothook their names to the signing-sheet.

"By god, I ain't a-signin'," says John McNutt, walking right on out and one or two other fellows like Jim Ball and Abar Cain following him.

When it came down to the end of the line, Malcolm Burnham walked up to the table.

"Mr. Rogers," he says, "no offense fer what I said in meetin'."

"No, sir," says Hoss. "I figger every feller's got a right to his own say-so."

"Well, then," says Malcolm, "I reckon I'd kind o' like to join."

For a minute Hoss gave him an eye-over from his yellow sidebar whiskers down to his boot tops.

"I admire fer a man to stand up to his lick-log, salt or no salt," says Hoss. "Besides, we don't know you."

"You'll know me soon enough," says Malcolm.

"That's likely," says Minot, "and we'll be a-needin' every feller that'll join."

"Before you fellers are through," says Malcolm, "I figger an extra hand may come in mighty handy."

And it did, too, Uncle Perry said, though it was the other end to from the way Malcolm was a-meaning it.

For a long time nothing seemed to happen, and many a fellow came to think the whole thing was a lot more bark than bite.

"What are they a-doin' now that they're high and mighty *Regulators,*" says John McNutt over at Captain Barry's saloon, "except a-settin' on their butts and a-talkin'?"

Hoss and Minot were gone a lot that winter, Uncle Perry said, while he and Gene and Marsh did the chores, though nobody really knew what was going on until later. Before long, though, they came to see they were up against a mighty big thing. They had a line on some fellows like Gregory McDougal from over at Northport, and fellows like George Ulmer and Perry Randolph, but you couldn't be sure they were blacklegs unless you caught them red-handed. Minot and Hoss had been keeping close watch of likely hideouts, like Latta's mill, and a hawkeye on all strangers riding in and out of the little village of Tamarack, and Northport all winter long. But it was just like beating the devil around a five-

cornered stump, Hoss said. For one thing there were a lot of fellows handling hot money all through the township. Some might be guilty and some not, and some of them might be highwaymen and horsethieves for all a fellow knew, though he couldn't be sure, for the blacklegs were lying mighty low just then. The whole thing was just about to come dead end, when a chance shot brought down the whole covey.

The way that happened was no Sunday morning miracle, Uncle Perry said. When Abe Beechy sold his farm to Malcolm Burnham, he had moved on out west, nobody knew where. Half of the money Malcolm had paid him for the farm was in good hard cash and the rest had been in notes drawn on the Merchants' Bank of Lowell, Massachusetts. Abe had been owing Jim Sollers a debt when he left and had given him one of the bank notes to settle up. Jim had held onto it for a while and then turned it over to the bank at Kendalville. Six months later a United States marshall called on him and told him the note was counterfeit. Minot was mighty dubersome, seeing as how Malcolm was a *Regulator,* when Jim came to tell about it, but Hoss was against taking any chances and along about sundown a night or so later, he and Minot and John Longyear and a dozen other fellows came riding down the post road and turned off into Malcolm's.

"Howdy, fellers," says Malcolm, as the men dismounted and came walking up to the porch where he stood.

"Howdy," says Hoss. "You said one time an extra hand might come in mighty handy."

"Yes, sir, that I did," says Malcolm.

"Well, sir," says Hoss, "I reckon we can use you right now."

"How is that?" says Burnham.

"Let's go into the kitchen and set down," says Hoss.

Malcolm led the way inside and they all sat down around the kitchen table.

"Now then," says Minot, "we got a question to ask you. Them notes you paid Abe Beechy fer this farm was counterfeit. Did you know they was bogus?"

"That I didn't," says Burnham, looking around at the men, "so help me Almighty God."

"You bein' a *Regulator,* I'll take your word fer it," says Minot, "and now it'll be mighty helpful iffen you tell just where you got 'em."

"I reckon I can do that all right," says Malcolm, coming back easy. "From the bank at Marysville, Ohio."

"Mr. Burnham," says Hoss, biting in real slow-like, "I figger that's a goddam lie."

"You callin' me a liar?" says Malcolm.

"That I am," says Hoss, firing a blue whistler. "I figger you got them notes offen Gregory McDougal from over at Northport, twenty-five cents on the dollar."

With that Malcolm jumped up and made a lunge for Hoss, but before he could do a thing, Minot grabbed him by the shoulders and set him back down.

"Now just tell us where you got them notes," says Minot.

"I ain't a-sayin' a damn thing," says Burnham. "This is my farm and I paid fer it, and you fellers'd better get your butts out of here."

"We're a-stayin' right here," says Hoss. "We come to get help and we're a-gettin' it."

"Not from me, you ain't," says Burnham. "You ain't got any legal right to come bustin' into a feller's place."

"We got all the legal right we need," says Minot. "Every feller here is a *Regulator.*"

"That don't mean a thing," says Burnham. "That don't give you any right to arrest a feller without evidence or to hold a hearin', now or any time."

"Well, we're a-doin' it," says Hoss.

"Then I ain't a-sayin' a damn thing without a lawyer," says Burnham. And he shut up pan-tight. They sat there for a spell, pleading with him, but it just wasn't any use.

"By god," says Hoss, "iffen you want an ox to beller, I figger you got to twist his tail."

He went outside, got a saddle rope, brought it into the room and tied a noose in the end of it. He swung the rope over the open beam above his head; then he walked over and dropped the noose on Malcolm. Joe Foos and one or two of the other fellows grabbed onto the other end, and the rope tightened up. Then Hoss took out his gold watch and laid it on the table.

"All right, Mr. Burnham," says Hoss. "You got five minutes to start talkin' or iffen you ain't talkin', start prayin'."

Malcolm just sat there for a minute looking at them, but he could see it was no jolly they were after.

"You said you wouldn't hang a man," he says.

"Goddam me," says Hoss. "I'd as lief hang you, as shoot a dog fer killin' sheep. A dog don't know what he's doin'."

Hoss kept counting off the minutes on his watch. When the time was up, he says, "All right, men," and two or three more fellows laid hold of the rope and gave a heave. Malcolm's eyes bugged out and he was breaking sweat like a bull in flytime.

"Hold on a minute!" he says. "Hold on!"

When the rope slackened for a minute, he got to fumbling with the noose.

"Get the goddam thing offen me," he says. "I'll talk."

But even then he drove a hard bargain.

"What I know'll hang a lot of men," he says, "but I ain't a-talkin' lessen I go free."

"We ain't makin' any promises," says Hoss.

"Look a here," says Malcolm, "I got the facts and figgers. I can tell you everythin' you want to know."

"That's what we come fer," says Hoss.

"But I'm a-goin' free," says Malcolm.

"I don't know about that," says Minot.

"I'll turn state's evidence fer the courts," says Burnham.

"I figger that's a fair shake," says John Longyear, but even then some of the other fellows were against it.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," says Minot. "We'll give you our word there'll be no hangin', but a fair court trial."

"Well," says Malcolm, after he saw there was no other way, "I'll take my chances on that."

Then he told them the notes were bogus all right. He'd got them from Gregory McDougal for twenty-five cents on the dollar, just as Hoss had said. He could get all he wanted at that figure from Gregory McDougal, George Ulmer, and Perry Randolph. They were the leaders of the whole blackleg gang. Nearly every man that had cooned a horse in the county was in cahoots with them and many a fellow that had broken into a store or done robbing on the highway. He could give them every name they needed. It was Gregory himself and Sol Stout that had blistered

Old Joel into telling them where his money was. As for him, well, he wouldn't deny what he had done or that he'd been a member of the gang.

It was well after midnight before Malcolm was through. Hoss kept taking down what he said and afterwards they had him sign his name to it. When it was all over, the *Regulators* had a record of the activities of nearly all the men they'd been after and a good many more they hadn't even thought of. Before they left the next morning, they were laying plans for a mighty big raid that would bring in every blackleg in the county.

What to do with Malcolm, though, was a nut-shelly problem. To arrest him right off and take him away to jail might give away the whole show. They could let him stay there, but then he might skip out or even get word to the others more than likely. He was all soft corn and friendly now, but you couldn't be sure, not with a man like Malcolm.

"By god," he says, "I figgered I could beat the game, and maybe I did."

"Maybe you did," says Hoss, "but it don't happy me up any. Hell won't be full till you get there."

"Easy there," says Malcolm. "I figger I done the handsome thing."

"Weaselin'!" says Hoss. "I smelled a polecat the first time I ever laid eyes on you, but, by god, your tail's down now, I reckon."

So they left John Longyear and Joe Foos there to act as guards, and along about daybreak they rode on home.

* * *

HOW THE REGULATORS HANGED GREGORY McDOUGAL AND WHAT HE SAID BEFORE HE DIED

Shootin' a man is trigger-quick, but a hangin' takes time and company.

Uncle Perry was a lad of eleven, staying with the Minot Goodsell family, when the *Regulators* hanged Gregory McDougal, but he could mind, he said, every whit and tittle of the story.

Four days before the hanging Minot came home from Ligonier to see his family. Uncle Perry remembered being awakened by the neighing of a horse late at night. Then he heard the voice of Minot, calling out to

Marsh to come stable his horse. Later on Minot and Nancy sat talking quietly in the kitchen until long after Marsh had come on upstairs.

"By god," says Marsh, "they're a-goin' to hang him."

"Who?" says Perry.

"Gregory McDougal," says Marsh. "Pap just told me."

"Hang him?" says Perry.

"With a rope around his neck until he's dead," says Marsh.

In the morning the whole family had breakfast together, Minot saying grace, low and solemnlike. Then he had risen to go.

"Let the boys come on over," he says to Nancy. "It'll be somethin' fer 'em to remember."

Two days later Perry and Gene, who was about his own age, and Marsh, Gene's older brother, filled the saddle bags with provisions, swung on some extra blankets for it was airish outside, and set out. Uncle Perry could remember the long ride from Mud Corners to South Milford, past the Tamarack House to Northport, where Marsh pointed out the house in which Gregory lived, and then on west, winding around the lakes and over the hills, to Ligonier, where they saw Minot again, ashen gray and shaken by his own responsibility. Minot had fixed it up for the boys to sleep in the loft of the Byler Livery Stable, and there they lay on the soft hay, listening far into the night to the hubbub of voices, the neighing of horses, and the crying of buggy wheels in the street gravel.

In the morning the crowd was terrifying: ox carts and wagons, buggies and buckboard carriages, men, women, and children, mounted and on foot, milling through the streets. Towards noon the mile-long caravan began the trek to Diamond Lake, led by fifty mounted *Regulators* riding two abreast.

On Minot's orders the boys had ridden on ahead, tethered their horses in the woods, and sat waiting for the first sight of the horsemen coming over the hill. Eighty years later Uncle Perry could still recall the cloudless spring day, the blue water of the lake, the big crowd of people, and the lone oak tree against the sky. For a few minutes he saw the figure of McDougal, a tall, pale man with dark, bushy hair and black mustaches, standing on the wagon addressing the crowd. He heard the wagon rumble, saw the body fall, stop jerkily and stiffen. Then the crowd, quiet and subdued, melted away, and Minot came over to gather them together to start the return journey to Mud Corners and home.

"God knows whether we done the right thing or not," Minot says to Nancy at the breakfast table the next morning. "I was agin it to the very last."

"It's done now," she says, "and you're home again. Boys, you hump along and do your chores; it's gettin' late."

"Gregory McDougal is dead," says Minot, "and that's how we voted it. But he died like a man. That I got to say fer him."

For Minot any man's hanging was like a neighbor's, Uncle Perry said. Gregory McDougal lived way down at Northport, but being a horse trader Minot had run into him more than once down at South Milford and Kendalville and had even sold him a three-year-old filly. Six months earlier, after the trouble with Old Joel Bedford, the farmers of the neighborhood had organized a vigilante group called the *Milford Township Regulators*. Almost as soon as Minot and Hoss Rogers and the other members of the central committee had begun to ferret out the evidence, Hoss was ready to bet a barshare plow against a broken horseshoe that Gregory McDougal was a member of the ring.

For one thing Gregory was gone too much at night some of his own neighbors at Northport said, and no one, not even his own wife, ever knew the next morning where he'd been or where he was going next. For another, Gregory spent a lot of time down at Latta's mill and he was an old hand at Jacob Heater's Hotel and the Tamarack House. There were some fellows, too, who said Gregory had passed a lot of bogus coin and that he more than likely never paid for half the horses he rode in and out of town. But the real clincher came the night the *Regulators* were ready to string up Malcolm Burnham. To save his own neck from the noose, he peached on all the others. Under oath and in the fear of death he swore that in the case of Gregory they had the saddle on the lead horse all right.

Four nights later the *Milford Township Regulators* held their big raid. By daylight the next morning the company came riding into Ligonier with its prisoners roped and tied saddlefast, down Caven Street to the Haskell and Ellis Hotel, which they took over, quartering the blacklegs in the hotel rooms under guard. They brought in twenty-one men that night, peacefully and otherwise, Uncle Perry said, though two of the men they were after, George Ulmer and Perry Randolph, had somehow found out about it and skipped the county the night before.

By midmorning the central committee was ready to begin its hearings in the grand ballroom of the hotel.

"Don't try to bullyrag me," says Gregory, when they brought him in, mean as a young bull just let out to pasture. "No man ever laid a hand on me lessen he was sorry fer it and no man ever will."

"We hog-tied Malcolm Burnham," says Hoss. "By god, that took the featheredge offen him."

"Look here, Gregory," says Minot, "we know everythin' about you that Malcolm knowed and then some."

"That's right," says John Longyear. "We can hang you, shut-pan or open."

"That's a lie," says Gregory. "Burnham never talked."

"Is that so?" says Minot, holding up the record so he could see for himself where Burnham had signed his own name. "We got a sworn statement here that says you're a counterfeiter and a horsethief and a leader of the whole gang."

"That's a goddam lie," says Gregory.

"You broke into a jail in Canada," says Minot, "and you killed an old lady there by hitting her over the head."

"Damn you, that's a lie," says Gregory. "I hit her, but I didn't kill her."

"You and Malcolm Burnham broke into Fred Able's store at Applemanberg," says Longyear.

"You can't prove that," says Gregory. "You're just firin' a pot shot."

"By god," says Hoss, "we know when we got the lead bird. How about that feller's house you burned down over in Kosciusko County?"

"That's a lie," says Gregory. "Malcolm Burnham boggled that job himself. If you fellers want my story, I can tell it to you, but goddam Burnham fer a liar."

"We're wantin' the whole story and we want it straight," says Minot, "and you're a-goin' to sign your name to it."

"What if I do?" says Gregory.

"We ain't a-makin' any promises this time," says Hoss.

"Then what if I don't?" says Gregory.

"Here's the rope that strung up Burnham," says Hoss.

"You hang him?" says Gregory.

"Not yet," says Longyear. "He talked."

"I ain't afraid of hangin'," says Gregory, "but by god, nobody else is a-tellin' my story."

He was born in Wallaceburg, Canada, he told them, the son of a minister. He got married when he was nineteen and set up as a tavern keeper in Wallaceburg. About six months after that his brother, Miles, got arrested for stealing a horse and was locked up in the jail at Chatham. He and another of his brothers, John, decided to get him out.

"No damn jail was ever strong enough to hold a McDougal," he says. "And, by god, this one ain't a-goin' to be."

They rode over to Chatham one night, and while John held the horses, he clambered over the stockade wall and stove in the jail door. He found the jailer's wife sleeping inside and hit her over the head with a stick until she gave him the keys to the lockup, and a bag of money from under her pillow which he hadn't even asked for. After he'd let Miles out, he'd tossed the money and the keys back to her before they made their getaway, saying, "Here, I don't want your gold."

"That ought to be proof enough I didn't hurt her," he says.

After that he couldn't stay on in Wallaceburg, he said, so they all three separated, he himself crossing the border over into New York State. He worked around some at one thing or another for a month or so before he met Sherman Marlott at Springwater and hired out to ride horses for him. It wasn't long before he knew what Marlott was doing all right, but by that time he'd seen some good money.

"It's on the shady side of the law that it comes easy; any feller knows that," he says.

It wasn't long then before he set out for himself. The first span of horses he ever took, he said, belonged to a farmer near Havana. He drove them all the way to Michigan where he sold them to a farmer near Burr Oak. There he broke into a store and stole some goods, hid them out in the woods till he'd found another likely team, and then brought the goods with him to Latta's mill at Northport, where he found some fellows who knew what to do with it, just as Sherman Marlott told him they would. He liked Northport and decided to stay there. With the money he'd made, he had gone shares with Perry Randolph and the others in getting some counterfeit dies, bought the Winthrop property, and then went back to bring his wife and child from Wallaceburg, telling her he had bought into a well-established business, which it was, as they themselves knew.

"Name me any ten men in northern Indiana," he says, "and I'll name one that's handled hot money, and some of 'em high and mighty *Regulators* who were damn glad to get it fer twenty-five cents on the dollar."

He kept on buying and selling horses, he said, sometimes paying for them in bogus, and sometimes cooning them. It was true he helped Malcolm Burnham break into Fred Able's store, but that was in return for a favor that Malcolm had done him. It was Malcolm that had told him and Sol Stout about Old Joel Bedford and his money, saying he was too near a neighbor to do it himself.

"It's too damn bad," he says, "that Old Joel got burned, but he's a mulish old ox. Why didn't he tell us where the money was right away?"

There was a great deal more to the full story and it took him until three o'clock that afternoon to finish. Gregory said he figured that wasn't exactly a good record, but many a man had done a lot worse. As for him, he wasn't afraid of the *Regulators*. He told them what he did because he wanted to. There wasn't a court in the land that would convict him on his own testimony, he said, for he'd go into court and swear it was all a goddam lie, given to them under duress. Besides, he said, he never laid a hand on any man in his life except for hitting the old lady up at Chatham and setting Old Joel on the dutch oven with the live embers in it, and one other fellow in New York State, where he and Marlott tied a cloth soaked in chloroform over his face—he might have got sick some—but so help him God, he never killed anyone.

But in the end that's why they came to hang him, Uncle Perry said.

At the time the *Regulators* were questioning the men they had brought in on the night of the big raid, there was a lot of rumor and hearsay, and the news of what was going on traveled fast. A day or so after Gregory had told his story, a fellow from Michigan arrived at Ligonier and swore that the old lady at Chatham had died from the beating Gregory had given her, and that in Canada a reward was being offered for him, dead or alive.

"I move we hang him," says Hoss Rogers.

"Fer murder," says John Longyear.

"We ain't but one man's word fer that," says Minot.

"We got his own word fer it that he's a blackleg," says Hoss. "There'll be fellers saying that I done it just to get even, because they burned down my barn, but it ain't that. And it ain't even the old lady up at Chatham,

though any man's my neighbor come rattlers and blacklegs. By god, we got a bounden duty. If we let Gregory off, every jack man of 'em will go free."

"That's right," says Minot. "But it's a hard thing to hang a man."

"Not fer murder, it ain't," says Longyear.

"I ain't a-hangin' him fer murder," says Hoss, "but fer raisin' his hand agin his neighbors."

"We can turn him over to the courts," says Minot.

"He'll get a year or two when they get around to it, or more'n likely go free, like he says," says Longyear.

"We've tried all that before," says Hoss. "If we let him go now, fellers like John McNutt will still be a-sayin' the *Regulators* are all talk and no cider. Even the blacklegs will be a-laughin' at us. And what about the fellers outside there in Caven Street? They're dependin' on us. They're the fellers whose horses were stolen, whose houses and stores were broke into, whose barns got burnt down, who were cheated out of their lands by bogus money, and waylaid and beaten at night till a feller ain't safe even in his own home after nightfall. They'll hang every jack man of 'em to the nearest tree if they ever get their hands on 'em, and they got a right to, if we don't act now."

Even Minot knew that Hoss was dead right about that. From the first day the story got around about the raid, the people had been streaming in from all over the county, and even from down around Fort Wayne and over in Ohio and up into Michigan. Some of them came just to see what was going on, but others came to tell how they'd been robbed, or had their horses stolen or their buildings burned down, or to claim the stolen goods the *Regulators* had found hidden in Latta's mill and the tamarack swamp, or to see what justice would be done now that they had got the men. There were a good five hundred people in town before the end of the week; every house in the village was overflowing and a good many were camping right out in the streets.

Many a man was swearing at the *Regulators,* wanting to know why they didn't string them up right away, and when was it all going to happen, and why not. If the *Regulators* couldn't make up their minds, let them turn over the blacklegs to the crowd; they'd take care of them. But there were others, too, who were friends of the men that had been arrested, knew them for good neighbors, swore they were honest fellows,

and what did the *Regulators* think they were doing. Maybe the crowd ought to get some guns and clubs and go on in and free their friends. Before the week was out, there were a lot of fist fights, black eyes, and broken shins.

When the crowd outside found out that the committee was voting whether to hang Gregory or not, there was a brabble of voices up and down the street. Some fellows were cursing Gregory. Some were crying for him. Some were even kneeling down in the streets and praying. Some young fellows began hurling stones at the hotel. Old Judge Gower, a justice of the peace for Perry township, mounted a store box in front of the hotel and addressed the crowd.

"I be a-warnin' you," he says, "that what the *Regulators* is a-doin' is agin the law of the land and the will of Almighty God. Gregory McDougal has got a right to a jury trial."

"We elected a jury to try him," says a *Regulator* in the crowd.

"The law belongs to the courts," says Gower. "You're a-takin' it into your own hands."

"What's the backin' and fillin' and wrigglin' of the courts ever done fer us?" says the *Regulator*. "The people make the law and they got the right to enforce it."

"That's murder," says Gower.

"No, sir, that's justice," says the *Regulator*.

"Let every God-fearin' man that's fer givin' Gregory McDougal a jury trial," says Gower, "come over here on my side of the street and stand by me."

"And let every man of you wantin' to see justice done come over here and stand by me," says the *Regulator,* walking across the street.

For a spell, then, there was a lot of pulling and shoving, men arguing with their friends and neighbors and even women with their husbands, pushing each other this way and that, and calling back and forth across the street.

When the central committee found out what was going on, Minot Goodsell and Hoss Rogers and John Longyear came on out to see for themselves.

"All right, fellers," says Minot, "let everybody stand still and be quiet."

Then he told them what the *Regulators* were doing and why. Gregory McDougal was a blackleg; they had his own word for that. He had owned up to taking more than forty horses, to twenty-one robberies, and to passing thousands of dollars in counterfeit money, but they had no evidence that he was a murderer—only one man's word for that, and Gregory himself swore that he had never killed a man. That he asked them to remember. Then he told them to change sides if they wished to, and after that for every man to stand still and be counted.

When they were all quiet once more, Hoss and Longyear counted the votes. Two hundred and eighty-nine voted for hanging; sixty-three men and five women voted against it. Minot told them the final tally.

"What the *Regulators* do is in the name of the people," he says. "We will abide by what the people say."

He set the date then for the hanging, one week from that day, and asked every *Regulator* to be there, mounted and armed and in good file and order. Then he told them all to go home quietly and accept their own decision.

What happened in Caven Street took the tuck out of Gregory. The next morning he begged to see his wife and child, and Minot and Charley Dodge drove over to Northport and brought Mrs. McDougal and the boy back to Ligonier. On the morning of the day set for the hanging, he asked for a minister to come and pray with them and to bless his wife and child. After that he kissed his wife tenderly and asked her to take good care of the boy. Then he came over to the door and told the men outside that he was ready. They took him down the steps to an open carriage where he sat with four members of the central committee, and, the *Regulators* falling in ahead and behind, they set out for Diamond Lake.

When they got there, Jim Black drove his wagon under the oak tree, and the men rigged a plank, one end resting on the wagon and the other on a prop near the tree. Charley Dodge swung a rope over a limb up above the plank. Gregory got out of the carriage and walked over to the wagon.

"Mr. Goodsell," he says, "you're a fair man. Can I say somethin' now?"

"I reckon you got that comin'," says Minot.

Gregory got up on the wagon and looked at the people standing around.

"No feller is happy to die," he says, "but I'm right glad to see a large crowd here today. I hope some of you will take a warnin' from this. I confess before all of you that I have been a counterfeiter, a robber, and a horsethief. I've got no hard feelin's towards any of you. I hear say some of you think the *Regulators* are wrong in what they're doin'. I don't figger it that way. I think they're right. Some of you are just as guilty as I am, and I hope you'll all take warnin' from me. For my old mother in Canada and for my wife and child, I'm sorry. I hear fellers say that I bragged I wasn't afraid of God or the devil. But I am afraid of God. It is His will that I die for my sins, and I trust in God to have mercy on my soul."

They tied a cloth over his eyes, dropped the noose over his head, and Jim Black drove the wagon out from under the plank. No one said a word after that, and when Minot came over to the boys, Uncle Perry said, he still had tears in his eyes.

A week after the hanging, Minot and Hoss set out again, riding around the neighborhood and to all the *Regulators* until they had raised three hundred and fifty dollars which they took over to Northport and gave to Mrs. McDougal. Then the central committee turned over all the rest of the blacklegs to the regular officers and courts of the law. Malcolm Burnham was tried in the United States District Court and got sentenced to two years in the pen. Ed Kessler and Sol Stout were found guilty in the circuit court at Albion and got six months. Others were involved in long legal battles, and some of them had served their sentences and were out again before the rest came up for trial. For a few of them, Andy Ellison from over at La Grange won an acquittal.

Two months after the hanging, the central committee placed a marker on Gregory's grave in the Northport cemetery. "Gregory McDougal," it reads, "b 1831—d 1858. 'I trust in God to have mercy on my soul.'"

Ridin' along at night, two men make fer company, but when a blackleg hangs fer what he done, he hangs alone.

* * *

HOW CYRENUS HIGHBARGIN HANGED HIMSELF . . . AND THE REGULATORS CAME TO HAVE THEIR LAST MEETING

A good neighbor makes fer a mighty fine mornin', but it's a long time until sundown.

For a spell after the *Regulators* hanged Gregory McDougal, Uncle Perry said, Minot Goodsell was the big talk of the township.

"By god, it takes a lot of grit and courage to do that," says Bill Kingsley down at Captain Barry's saloon.

"That it does," says Lafe Kinsman, drinking up. "The way I figger Minot's too big a man fer this place. He ought to be a circuit judge —"

"Or a state assemblyman," says Seth Wallace. "By gum, that's right. He'd learn 'em down there how to fish or cut bait."

"What we do, we are doin' fer the people, he says, *and we'll abide by what the people say.* That's what he told them over to Caven Street and that's what he done," says Bill Kingsley. "I figger that's a mighty fine say-so."

"That it is," says Seth, "but it don't get no spring plowin' done. I was a-talkin' to Marsh yesterday. Minot ain't turned a furrow all spring. Marsh and the boys got the ten acres plowed but they ain't touched the new-ground Minot was a-figgerin' on breakin' this spring."

"That's too bad," says Bill. "You fixen to plant?"

"Monday," says Seth. "The boys ran the marker today."

"I got mine in," says Bill. "Finished last night. How about some of us fellers gettin' in there and helpin' out Minot? That's about the least we could do. How about a couple yoke from you, Lafe?"

"Wednesday I could," says Lafe. "I'm a-figgerin' on finishin' up my own on Monday and Tuesday."

"Good enough," says Bill, "let's make it Wednesday. If we can get about twelve yoke and three barshares, we can turn that new-ground in three days."

But it didn't take that long, Uncle Perry said. When they found out what was going on, nearly every man in the township joined in. Some sent two or three yoke with their drivers, others brought their plows, still others came with the oxen dragging stoneboats, hanging heavy with log chains and loaded down with grubbing hoes and pickaxes. By midmorn-

ing there were thirty-five yoke of oxen and two dozen men at work on the twenty. Some of them got busy grubbing out the stumps and butts that had been left to rot three years before when Minot and the boys had cut over the twenty and rolled the logs for burning. Then they swung the log chains around the stumps or a tough root, and lined up three or four yoke of oxen. There would be a lot of heave-ho, prodding and bellowing, and then suddenly—Tom Eccles letting out a war whoop—the stump would give way, uprooting and tumbling over, digging out holes and furrows and scattering the dirt. The chains would fall slack and the oxen come to a stop. Some of the men would load the pieces onto the stone-boats and drag them to the edge of the field for burning; others would fill up the holes with their spades and level off the ground. Then the huge barshare plows, each drawn by five yoke of oxen, began turning over the heavy sod.

At noon the oxen were unyoked and fed hay and grain, while the men trooped down to the house, where long slit-deal tables had been rigged up by the womenfolks in the shade of the farmyard trees. There was turkey and chicken, venison and head sausage that had been salted down during the winter, egg noodles and wild rice, and boiled hominy, and big messes of spring greens. There was corn bread and wheat bread and steaming hot pies that had been baked that morning in the old, brick bake-oven back of the house.

Before the men came over to eat, they washed up at the farmyard draw-well. There was a deal of pushing and crowding, good-natured jibing and laughter.

"By gum, it's amazin' what Tom's war whoop will do to a yoke of oxen," says Ed Dyer.

"It's the best day's work Tom ever done in his life," says Lafe, laughing, "and damn near the only one, I mind me."

"I jest figgered every one of them stumps was a blackleg," says Tom, "and they come up mighty easy."

While they were eating, Captain Barry drove into the yard with three jugs of whiskey. After that had gone the rounds, there was a lot of huzzahing and some speeches.

"Neighbors," says Minot, "I be mighty thankful."

"No need fer that," says Bill Kingsley.

"Sometimes a feller don't know whether he's doin' right or not," says Minot, "but iffen we all work together, I reckon things are bound to come out all right. No man knows right lessen he trusts his neighbors. That I know today better'n I ever knowed it before."

"Huzzah, huzzah," says a dozen fellows.

"I figger as long as we all stand together, like we done to Caven Street and like we're a-doin' today, we'll be doin' the right thing, all right. I hear say some fellers think we done wrong hangin' Gregory—they call it murder —"

"Hangin' Gregory wasn't no murder," says Bill Kingsley. "That wasn't no more'n a plain act of justice."

And that's what they all said then up to Milford township, Uncle Perry said, but some folks have a mighty good forgettery. With Gregory dead and in his bury-hole, it was plum easy to forget what he had done, and before the corn on the new-ground was knee-high, some fiddle minds were giving out a new tune.

"They took a feller's life in cold blood, that's what they done," says John McNutt one afternoon down at Jim Ball's blacksmith shop.

"You hear say what's a-happenin' down to Rome City right now?" says Lew Shingle. "I was a-talkin' the other day to a feller that knows old Charley Dodge. Well, sir, old Charley has been a-failin' steady. They say he ain't slept a single night. Now and then he'll doze off all right, but then he'll dream that it's all happenin' again. There he'll be a-standin' on the plank with Gregory, a-fumblin' with the noose, tryin' to get it down over his head. Try as he will it won't go. Then the plank wiggles and skitters out from under him and he and Gregory fall down with a big crash."

"That don't surprise me a-tall," says John. "I knowed a feller once —"

"That ain't the worst of it," says Lew. "This feller says, when that happens Charley wakes up, and there sure as life is Gregory himself, a-standin' at the foot of his bed, dead as when they cut him down, his eyes buggin' out, his chin dropped down, the red marks of the rope on his neck, plain as day."

"By god," says Bill Kingsley, "I wouldn't want to be in Charley's boots fer a thousand dollars."

"I figger that's just a story," says Ed Dyer. "I was a-talkin' to Minot the other day. Minot says Charley has been a-dreamin' some, but then

he's had bilious spells fer a good many years already. He ain't been well fer a long time."

"I say it's true more'n likely," says John. "I knowed a feller once that see'd the devil afore he died. He hadn't even killed a man, though he'd done him some wrong. There ain't a man in the *Regulators* fitten to face Almighty God. I figger some day Minot'll be a-reapin' what he sowed."

And it's a downright curious thing the way the Almighty sometimes seems to be a-takin' the wrong side.

By the middle of July the corn on Minot's twenty stood shoulder high and began to show tassel, a full week ahead of most of the fields in the neighborhood. Then, though the early summer had been givey enough, Uncle Perry said, the weather turned hot and dry, burning up the meadow lands and stubble fields, and curling the corn leaves just when the stalks began driving ear. A good rain right then might have made a thousand bushels of corn on the new-ground, but if the weather held, there would be nothing for it except to cut the whole field for fodder.

A morning or so later there were two or three clouds coming up slowly from the west, too light for rain though the weather looked more hopeful. Toward noon the larger one had come directly overhead. There were a few drops of rain, a jagged streak of lightning, and one long rumble of thunder. Then a burst of hail, like cherry stones at first, then as big as hen's eggs and walnuts, came cracking down from the sky, rattling against the roofs and walls, breaking windowpanes, stripping and riddling the leaves on the farmyard trees. Afterwards the corn in the new-ground stood stripped and broken like a bed of reeds in the bottom lands in the spring. There was nothing even to cut for fodder now, nothing at all except a few days of soiling corn for the cattle.

The hailstorm hit less than a section of land, petering out later on into a pleasant sprinkle of rain. When the word got around what had happened, many another fellow began to be dubersome, and—minding the planting—came riding or driving by to see what he couldn't but figure was an act of God.

"What's Minot a-sayin' now?" says John McNutt to Bill Kingsley.

"He ain't a-sayin' much," says Bill.

"By gum, it's just as plain as the writin' on that Bible feller's wall."

"I'm beginnin' to see it myself," says Bill.

But the worst thing of all that summer was what happened to Cyrenus Highbargin. After the *Regulators* hanged Gregory, they had turned the body over to Cyrenus to prepare for burial. Cyrenus was an odd-job carpenter and cabinetmaker who lived over at Northport, a spindly old fellow who had been suffering crazy spells for a good many years then already. Late in the summer he went crazy once more and killed himself. His neighbors found him the next day, hanging by a rope from one of the rafters in an old outhouse, his face turned blue and dried slobber over his beard and clothes. The talk that went around was that the devil himself had hanged him, for there wasn't a stool or bench around that Cyrenus could have stood on to tie the rope.

"I hear say," says Lew Shingle, "that Cyrenus knew Old Nick was a-comin' fer him. The night he was a-workin' on Gregory he had a sign. He was a-turnin' the body over on the table, measurin' fer the bury-box, when all of a sudden sure as daylight Gregory's arm reached out and his finger pointed right at Cyrenus. Cyrenus was that scared he broke out in a cold sweat and his knees gave way. But from that time on he was sure he was next. 'Old Nick put the finger on me today,' he says."

"You sure of that?" says Bill Kingsley.

"It's a god's fact," says Lew. "Murder is murder, and the devil's had his hand in this whole thing."

"I'm a-gettin' out of the *Regulators* right now," says Bill.

"You should've done that long ago," says John McNutt. "Even Minot'll come to see that."

Two weeks later the *Regulators* had another call to duty. At the time of the big raid when they caught Gregory McDougal and the others, two of the ring leaders, George Ulmer and Perry Randolph, had gotten away. After the hanging of Gregory, the *Regulators* offered a reward of three hundred dollars for their capture to a detective from Chicago by the name of Bradley. Bradley followed the men through five states, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, finally making the arrest in a small tavern three miles west of Newton, Ohio. When the news came to South Milford and Mud Corners, the township was in an uproar once more.

"More blood for the hangman," says John McNutt.

"Ain't they done enough already?" says Bill Kingsley. "Charley Dodge is a-dyin'; Cyrenus hung himself."

When Minot got word from Bradley, he and Hoss called for a meeting of the *Regulators* to take over the men. But more than one fellow by that time found something else to do and couldn't come. Others, like Lafe Kinsman and Charley Sears, said openly that they were now against the whole thing, they were sorry for what had happened, and they'd have nothing more to do with the *Regulators*. For a time it looked to Minot as if there would be no more than a handful of men ready to stand by him and Hoss and see the thing through to the edge of the clearing.

On the day before the meeting at South Milford, Minot rode over to La Grange to see Sheriff Cummings, and then he and Hoss rode the rounds summoning the men. The next morning the *Regulators* gathered in South Milford—such of the men as would come, about twenty of them all told—waiting for the arrival of Bradley and the prisoners. Before long a large crowd of spectators gathered around them, some waiting just to see what would happen, some hoping for excitement, and others already taking sides openly against the *Regulators*.

It was almost noon before the detective's carriage, preceded and followed by six horsemen, rolled into the village. In the open carriage where the crowd could see them, with iron chains on their wrists and ankles, sat George Ulmer and Perry Randolph, their faces ash-pale and a down look in their eyes. As the procession came to a stop, the crowd became silent. Mr. Bradley alighted from the carriage and shook hands with Minot.

"Well, Mr. Goodsell," he says, "we got your men all right, but they led us a mighty wicked chase. I feel mighty proud to deliver them into your hands."

"Oh, my god," says Perry Randolph from the carriage, "he's a-turnin' us over to the *Regulators*."

"You keep your pan shut," says one of the guards, clapping his hand over Randolph's mouth.

But it was too late then. What he'd said was like a friction-match in dry tinder.

"You *Regulators* a-figgerin' on murderin' another man?" shouts John McNutt from the crowd.

"Murder's right," says Lew Shingle.

"Let's take 'em away," says another fellow.

Then the fight broke out. It began with a lot of pushing and shoving, some fellows in the crowd shouting and swearing at the *Regulators* and calling on others to help out. The *Regulators* stood their ground—though they never fired a shot—and tried to keep the crowd back with the butt-ends of their guns. Fellows kept crowding in though, butting and wrestling, some lunging out with their fists, others down on their hands and knees trying to crawl through to the blacklegs, until it was tuck and go whether the crowd wouldn't overpower the *Regulators* and let the men go. When Bradley saw what was happening, he shouted to his guards to start in firing and Sheriff Cummings of La Grange and his deputies swung in, too. There were half a dozen shots and then the crowd began to fall back. No one was killed outright, though some fellows got hurt, and Lew Shingle lost an arm from a bullet wound that gangrened afterwards. When the crowd was quieted down once more, Minot climbed up into the carriage.

"Hold on, neighbors," says Minot, "I want to say somethin'."

"Hain't you said and done enough?" says Bill Kingsley.

"You hung one feller," says John McNutt, "and you got his murder on your soul right now."

"God Almighty can judge that," says Minot.

"He's already done that," says John.

"Now that Gregory McDougal is dead," says Minot, "he's got a mighty lot of friends. I mind me the day over to Caven Street when you were all agin him. Many a feller in this crowd voted to hang him that day. As a *Regulator* I helped to hang Gregory McDougal and whatever guilt that puts on my soul, I'm ready to own to before God. I mind me the last thing Gregory ever said—'I trust in God to have mercy on my soul.' The way I figger that's all a man can ever ask fer—that and knowin' that he done his duty as he saw it."

Then he turned to the *Regulators.*

"Men," he says, "what we done, we done because we figgered it was the right thing to do. We agreed to stick together till we'd laid our hands on the last horsethief and counterfeiter in the county. I figger we've done that right now. Mr. Bradley," he says, "we accept your prisoners and we're a-turnin' 'em over to Sheriff Cummings of La Grange and to the La

Grange County Circuit Court. That I figger is our last official act. From now on we can go back to tend to our stores and our farms. It wasn't an easy thing, and let no feller be proud in his heart, but I figger we done exactly what we set out to do."

And Minot was right, Uncle Perry said, as many a fellow came to see later on. It was the hanging of Gregory that put an end to the blacklegs. Not a man arrested by the *Regulators* and later sentenced by the courts—or even those who won an acquittal like Hank Gore and Miles Payne—ever came back to the county to live after they got out. And more than one man down at Northport and the Tamarack village left the county and moved on, even though he hadn't been arrested at all. Uncle Perry couldn't recall a highway robbery or a store broken into or a horse being stolen in the township after that.

When Minot was through talking, he thanked Mr. Bradley and paid over the money for the reward. Sheriff Cummings and his deputies rode off with the men, and the crowd on the streets slowly began to break up. Not a man in South Milford said a word to Minot, as he and Hoss Rogers got on their horses and rode away.

"I know it ain't the same thing and I ain't a-justifyin' him any," says Minot, "but sometimes I figger I know how Judas Iscariot must of felt."

"By god," says Hoss, laughing, "you ain't got thirty pieces of silver."

"The hardest thing of all," says Minot, "is a feller like Bill Kingsley. Him and me's been neighbors for nigh on twenty years. He's a notionate feller now and then, but that don't explain it all."

"Well," says Hoss, "I got old John McNutt a-livin' next to me. He ain't said a word to me, not even to pass the time of day, since we hanged Gregory, but it don't faze me none. I figger the surest way of knowin' I'm right is when old John's agin it."

"But it's an uneasy thing," says Minot. "The sun don't rise the same way in the mornin' when trouble comes between a man and his neighbors."

Sometimes, doin' his duty, it ain't the ease it's the heartache a feller remembers.

DOWN ON THE FARM —NEW STYLE

By WALTER GOLDSCHMIDT

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION has been slow coming to agriculture—but it is well on the way. The process was recently described in statistics by C. J. Capt, Director of the United States Census, in a talk to the National Rural Life Conference. He showed that the output per worker in 1940 had seven times the value of the output in 1870. He noted that in 1920 only one farm in 28 had a tractor; in 1940 it was one in four; and in 1945 it was one farm in three. With this mechanization, the expected has happened: the number of farms has decreased by half a million while the average size of farms has increased from 140 acres to nearly 200. His figures show that the changes are greater in the past five years both for mechanization and for increased size, than they were for any comparable period earlier.

Director Capt stands at the head of what is probably the world's greatest repository of statistical information. The facts he cites are both accurate and significant. But his statistics do not and cannot tell what has happened to the manner of life in the rural community. To understand that one must examine the behavior of the people involved in the situation and the form that their society is taking.

Let me take you to three communities in California's industrialized agriculture. One of these is Wasco, a town of about 5,000 persons, surrounded by farms both large and small engaged in the intensive, mechanized, irrigated production of potatoes, cotton, sugar beets, and similar specialty crops. Arvin, the second town, has much the same crops, but its farms are predominantly large, and the largest was part of a combine which plead *nolo contendere* to a suit claiming they violated the Sherman anti-trust act. Dinuba's farming is similar in that agriculture is intensive

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and requires much labor and machinery, but in this case the farms are uniformly small. Because of this difference in farm size, the three towns give us an insight into the effects of progressive degrees of industrialization—Dinuba, Wasco, Arvin. All are, however, well within the pattern of farming that can only be described as industrialized—that is, where production involves mechanization, large investments of capital, and above all, labor hired in the same impersonal, production-line manner as that of urban industries.[1]

To be understood, the picture of the industrialized farm community must be set in contrast to that of the American farm community in general. This latter picture has been stereotyped, and is widely known. It is reflected in the deliberations of Congress, and we can permit a member of the body to trace its major features:

> The habits and customs of agriculture of necessity have been different from those of industry. The farmers and workers are thrown in close daily contact with one another. They, in many cases, eat at a common table. Their children attend the same school. Their families bow together in religious worship. They discuss together the common problems of our economic and political life. The farmer, his family, and the laborers work together as one unit. In the times of stress, in the handling of livestock or perishable agricultural commodities, of impending epidemics and at many other times the farmer and laborer must stand shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. This develops a unity of interest which is not found in industry. This unity is more effective to remove labor disturbances than any law can be.

This is the ideal of American rural life—a stereotype reflecting realities that existed, say, at the turn of the century. It still has substance in many parts of the country, especially in the corn belt, where it has its deepest roots and provides the farmer with the greatest economic advantages. It does not reflect the reality of rural life in the cotton South,

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[1]Wasco was visited over a period of about eight months in 1940-41 and a rather detailed investigation was made of the nature of its social life; Arvin and Dinuba were studied in 1944 specifically to determine the effects of large-scale farming upon them. A detailed report on this last problem will be found in Walter Goldschmidt, *Small Business in the Community, A study in the Central Valley of California on Effects of Scale of Farm Operation*. Report of the Special Committee to Study Problems of American Small Business, U.S. Senate (79th Congress, Second Session), Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. December 23, 1946. A detailed account of the three towns, with particular emphasis upon Wasco, appears in my *As You Sow* (Harcourt, Brace, 1947).

where it was always subordinated to the plantation system, or of the Southwest with its *hacienda* tradition. But most particularly, it does not agree with life in those areas where industrialized agricultural production techniques have been adopted, in California, which may be called the cradle of industrialized farming, and in some other regions as well. We may note the irrigated areas of Arizona and Idaho, the Yakima Valley in Washington, the Willamette and Hood River Valleys in Oregon, the beet-sugar areas of Colorado, the Rio Grande and Winter Garden areas of Texas, the berry regions of Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Michigan, the Florida vegetable and citrus area, and the truck and vegetable farms of the Middle Atlantic seaboard.

These special regions of industrialized farming already loom large in America's agricultural production. But the pattern is spreading beyond these specialized areas to engulf large acreages of the wheat and corn areas of the prairies and plains. Paul Taylor reported this trend from personal observation, and documented it as early as 1941 in *Harper's Magazine*. The trend is implied in the figures, given before by Capt of the Census Bureau, on increased size and mechanization of farms. Unchecked, the trend will engulf all the commercial farming areas of the nation. Where supports for small farm operations exist, as in areas brought into production by the irrigation works developed under reclamation law, and by the development of the TVA, small farms may continue to dominate the local scene. But even such areas, if they are engaged in commercial production rather than predominantly for local and on-farm consumption, will be drawn into the vortex of the industrial pattern, because of the economic relationships which they must accept.

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The industrialization of our farms first affects the personal character and conduct of the farmer. Then, it brings into rural life an army of agricultural laborers whose means of subsistence is directly comparable to that of the city laborer. Finally, it creates in the community a new kind of upper class. Taken together, these three changes alter the relationship between man and man in the community in many ways, all of which belie the description of rural life as one in which the common interest prevails over minor disagreements.

Before he would say anything further, one Wasco farmer told me to set down that "farming in California is business, it is not a way of life."

Another observed that the "old dumb-bells just can't farm any more." What did these men mean? They meant that the farmer, if he is to be successful (the very word, success, implies a great deal in their thinking) must adopt the viewpoint of a business executive. Why? Because he is in fact a business executive. There are many kinds of figures which might be cited in proof. Here are some. Agricultural production in California is costly, with land running from $300 to $1,000 per acre in normal times. A better measure is the cost of production itself: farmers indicated that it cost nearly $100 (at 1940 prices) to produce an acre of potatoes. Harvesting costs an additional $50 to $100 per acre, depending upon yield. Thus annual production costs on a modest 40 acres—they say in Wasco that no "successful" farmer remains content with so little—run to at least $6,000. Many a business enterprise in America has a smaller annual capital outlay than this minimum-sized farm.

If the Wasco farmer is to be financially successful he has to comport himself like a businessman. He must spend his time and energy in making sure that his capital—or the capital he has borrowed—yields its proper return. Amounts such as he deals with cannot be insured by small-scale economies—such as doing his own repairs, being more thrifty about the house, or milking a family cow. The successful operator is not so concerned with the long straight furrow as he is with the stock market column. If he can't hire a broker's services, he must be particularly assiduous in his devotion to figures and friends in the market. If he is more than a minimum operator, he may integrate his operations—pack his own vegetables, wash his own potatoes, or carry on other preliminary processing activities. If he is really big, he may even make his own boxes and own his own timber in some distant forest. Inevitably, he is a speculator, and he learns that his own interests lie more directly with his speculative success than with his minor economies. He is not a laborer. Data compiled by the California Extension Service from several moderately large cotton growers' records show that the value of the farmers' own labor represents only 2.7 per cent of his production costs, and that only 15 cents of his income dollar may be attributed to the sweat of his own brow. Most of that dollar comes from what the business economists call "managerial ability."

As a businessman the farm operator is concerned with costs, too. And if he examines his own accounting figures, he knows where his costs

are heavy: in the hired labor column. When the Extension Service economists examined the cotton production costs in California they found that over half (54 per cent) were costs of hired labor. Naturally, the larger the producer, the greater is this labor cost. Thus, as a businessman, the farm operator is concerned with the wages he must pay, and his interest in low wages is a very important factor in the character of his community.

Incidentally, the California agriculturist does not call himself a farmer, save when it is politically expedient to do so. In California, any plot of ground producing agricultural commodities is a ranch, however small, and the producer is a rancher. The grower does not align himself linguistically with the working farmer, but identifies himself with the romantic figure out of the West's past to express his economic and social status as a business executive.

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It should be emphasized that mechanization hasn't done away with the need for labor any more than it has in factory production. Farm work is done by persons characteristically hired by the hour or day, or on a piece-rate basis. Even when farms are small, the number of resident farm wage-workers—not to be confused with the traditional hired hand, who is about as plentiful in California as the dodo—is equal to that of farmers. That was the proportion in Dinuba, the small-farm town. Where farms are larger, half or more of the population are wage laborers, but in Arvin, where the large fully-industrialized operations predominate, the wage laborers constitute more than four-fifths of the population of the agricultural community.

America has learned, if not from Senator Robert M. La Follette's able investigations or from Carey McWilliams, then from John Steinbeck, the nature of the farm worker's life and opportunity in California. It is not necessary here to go into details concerning the poverty, low wages, the rural slum conditions, the ceaseless migration in search of jobs. The hardships suffered by underprivileged farm workers are a source of multiple human tragedy and cannot be ignored. They continue despite governmental action during the '30's, and despite the rich war years and postwar years that have followed. But here we may view them as symptoms of underlying social problems.

For we are concerned with the character of the society that has developed under industrial farming. It is a society of social classes, and class

distinctions rest upon the kind of livelihood a man has. In industrial agriculture, those who perform the menial tasks—the picking of fruit and vegetables, the irrigating, haying or milking—are a group apart. When industrialized farms are small the "rancher" drives a tractor, but he will not manipulate hand tools. Such work is degrading, and those who must perform it are not company for the emancipated. The farmer finds himself in a social class with the merchants in the town, and socially distant from those whom he employs to do his work. He does not share a common table with his employees; nor meet with them around a cracker barrel; nor worship with them on Sunday. Frequently he never sees them, even on modest enterprises, because they are "handled" by contractors. They may live in shacks furnished by the operator or in similar structures in the towns; they work on a temporary basis when the operator has a job to be done.

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Industrial farming affects the traditional figures of rural leadership —the local merchant, the successful farmer turned small town banker. They are replaced by new leaders largely furnished by the great business enterprises from outside the community. Thus in Wasco, in 1941, the representative of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company was called the "unofficial mayor" by local townspeople. He was flanked by representatives from the Bank of America, the Southern California Edison Company, the oil companies, the great cotton factors, and by numerous heads of the local branches of small chain enterprises. These people, together with the big-farm operators or their local managers form the elite and exert great influence over community decisions and attitudes. For instance, fifteen Wasco families had members in five or more of the town's leading civic organizations, and eight of these were representatives of outside corporations. Local merchants continue to find that outside corporations offer severe economic competition; they find it equally hard to maintain their position in the social and political life of the community. They complain that the time and effort of the corporation executive is subsidized by their outside employers. They recognize, too, that these outsiders, by the very nature of their employment, must give first consideration to the interest of their employers, rather than to the community. They do not deny the sincerity of their efforts, but they recognize that the corporation executives, sent to the local community at the pleasure of the corporation,

by nature offer a different kind of "grass roots" leadership from that of one who was born and raised a part of the community, with his economic and social ties rooted there.

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The cracker-barrel democracy of rural life is thus inevitably supplanted in industrial farming by a class society. There does remain a middle class of merchants, mechanics, and small farmers, but it is socially oriented to the money-value system set up by the leaders. This middle class is more numerous where farm units are small, and fewer where large-scale farming has taken over, but everywhere it appears to be waning. The great bulk of the population consists of a landless, dependent working class with few economic and fewer social ties, and completely without social standing or means of social expression in the community.

The workers on the one hand, and the corporation executives, merchants, and growers on the other, form separate social classes. They are social classes in the sense that modern sociologists use that term, that is to say, they do not regularly have contacts with members of the other group except when necessary for economic purposes; they live differently and hold more or less different attitudes and values. As a matter of fact, the working class, though it now consists chiefly of native whites, is the legatee of racist attitudes which have for nearly a century been held with respect to earlier laboring groups in California, the Oriental and Mexican.

Segregation along lines of occupation and wealth is fairly sharp. The social clubs, service clubs, and community affairs rarely include any of the working people and none of the farm laborers, though these have bought homes and settled in the community. Perhaps the most telling evidence of this class feeling lies in the fact that for the most part the farm laborers worship in separate churches from the members of the upper class. It is not that they are prevented or even actively discouraged from going to the "better" churches. Social segregation works more subtly. Nor is it merely a matter of choice of religious ideologies. The class feeling of segregation was repeatedly expressed to me by farm laborers who refused to go to the upper-class churches because they "wouldn't feel at home," or because they didn't have the proper clothes and preferred to go "where you can wear any old thing," or simply because they felt like being "with people of my own 'class.'" As a result of this feeling, most of them go to no church at all, while many go to the newer denom-

inations, where there is more membership participation, less formality, and a heightened emotional tone. Some make this change contrary to their doctrinal preferences. To some extent, of course, the spiritual needs of a depressed group are different from those of people comfortably situated, so that there are special appeals to many workers in the more emotional religious observances.

Religious segregation cannot, of course, be viewed with alarm; religious preferences, from whatever source, are a matter of individual choice. But religious segregation is symptomatic of the degree to which social differences influence the behavior and activities of the citizens of our industrialized farm communities.

The real test of democracy lies in the manner in which public decisions are reached. The exclusion of the laboring majority from decision-making, and the antipathy toward the workers as a class, is the real hallmark of the substitution of class society for the social democracy of traditional American rural life. In Wasco, for instance, some county officials were considering changes in their county-operated cemetery district. They went to the service clubs to get a "cross-section of public opinion," a cross-section which excludes, by the social exclusion of the local class system, all the wage laborers in agriculture—those who would be the most likely to use the facility under discussion. In Arvin, the exclusion of laborers was more poignant. Here a county official told a service club of farmers and merchants that they should tell him how they wanted the laws enforced—he didn't "want to do anything that would run labor out of the town." Wage workers constitute 80 per cent of Arvin's population.

Even unincorporated communities have some elected officials. In Wasco a school board election is generally routine and in 1941 there was no opposing candidate. But when rumor spread that there was to be a "relief candidate write-in," the upper class went to their telephones to warn their friends to vote in the late afternoon in order to freeze out any such attempt. The townpeople viewed with alarm the possibility that the working people might be represented on the school board, and would "take over the schools." The vote that year was double the preceding, but not a vote was cast for a farm laborer. A minister in Arvin said that the reason his town was not incorporated lay in the fear that the laboring element would gain control of the community. In a meeting held in Wasco to discuss incorporation, the propriety of voting by resident labor-

ers was openly questioned because "they have no real interest in the community." Many of them are home owners.

* * *

The incidents from communities in California's industrialized farming area illustrate the manner in which life has changed in the rural environment. The stereotypes employed by politicians and novelists give way to a social order partaking of the city. Some of the direct effects of giant farm operations have already been pointed out. An analysis of social conditions in Arvin and Dinuba offers a direct test of these effects. The two towns are closely similar in the commodities produced, the volume of production and the mode of farm production. But the farms in Arvin average nearly ten times the size of those in Dinuba. In Arvin, in 1941, only 9 per cent of the land was held in units of eighty acres or less, as against 56 per cent in Dinuba.

The differences between the two towns are also striking. Dinuba's population is 20 per cent greater, and it has a higher average level of living. Dinuba has far more civic improvement—paving, street lighting, sidewalks, sewers, garbage service, parks, and schools. It has a far richer social life, with more clubs, churches, recreation facilities. More significantly, it has an elected body of officials with direct control by the electorate. An analysis of organization and church membership showed that Dinuba offered less of the social segregation which could be found in Wasco, while Arvin's segregation of social classes was far more intense than that of either of the other two.

Most significant is the composition of the two populations. Arvin consists chiefly of the poorly paid, low-security wage workers, and part of these, for reasons indicated, take no part in community life. Over half of Dinuba's population is made up of farmers, merchants, or other white collar workers. This greater proportion of "middle class" people stems directly from the fact that the farms are small. It is furthered by the fact that the small-farm community supports over twice the number of business establishments and these gross about two-thirds again as much retail business as the Arvin merchants. The middle-class element composed of a large body of persons who are economically independent, socially acceptable, and above all, rooted in the local community, greatly ameliorate the effects of industrial farming.

* * *

But the effects of large-scale operation reach a community like Dinuba, and it, too, is influenced by industrialization. One must avoid the pitfalls of a myopic view. The small town is not the true social universe in modern society. The inhabitants' lives are not completely circumscribed by their community, as was the case in pioneer days. On the contrary, the local towns are merely geographic segments of a broad society which similarly is divided into social classes. In everyday life, it means that the distant banker, merchant, or farmer has social access to people of similar occupation in Wasco while their wage-earning neighbors do not. It means that ideas and attitudes spread horizontally; that the city banker may influence the local leader against his own neighbor, whom he actually does not know. Contrast this situation with our tradition of local democracy.

Outside influences determine behavior in the most significant aspects of personal relationship in the community. A poignant example is the determination of wages. The large growers of California have for many years met to decide what wages they will pay in the coming season for various operations. It is an open meeting, but working farmers find it difficult to travel hundreds of miles to attend, and one may wonder what their influence would be if they did. The wages established in these meetings are adhered to by the large farmers and the small ones are expected to conform. Conformity is not policed, but the finance companies compute their advances to the farmer in terms of the established scale. If a farmer, motivated by a kindlier passion than the desire to drive a hard bargain, makes up the remainder out of savings, he endangers his relationship with those whose favor he must retain. Aside from these considerations, he is producing in competition with the big operators. Big operators have many advantages in buying and selling and it is hard enough for the small farmer to compete with them. To compete and pay higher wages is a burden that the small farmer can rarely carry.

This example of outside influence on community attitudes and behavior brings our attention to the most frequent sources of conflict between the rural social classes. The class differentiation and segregation is not limited to matters of local improvement and community welfare. It has the bitter taste of economic conflict; of labor-management relations. California agriculture has known bloody strikes. One of the worst started in Wasco and didn't end till two workers lay dead, not surprisingly, in

Arvin. It is most significant that the strike was first announced in the *Western Worker* published in San Francisco, in response to the setting of wages in Fresno, California.

* * *

Social behavior and institutions of the communities in California's industrialized fields then, do not conform to the familiar stereotype of rural America. But will the pattern be similar if industrial production replaces the farmstead in Iowa and Nebraska, as the census figures suggest? The answer is yes, with qualifications.

Every community, like every individual, has its own peculiarities and its own personality. The seaboard countries with their West Indian imported laborers will display patterns foreign to those of California, and the Mexican workers in Texas' irrigated valleys and the Spanish Americans in the Colorado beet fields each impress upon those areas their peculiar flavor. But individuality in personality has not rendered nil psychological generalizations about behavior, and genetic variation does not nullify the medical concept of the normal individual. So, too, the social sciences can comprehend individual variation along with basic patterns of identity.

Comparable studies to those upon which this paper is based have not been made in other areas, but evidence that a similar pattern obtains is not entirely wanting. The pattern of strikes during the '30's followed closely the distribution of factory farm methods in the berry-producing regions of Michigan, the truck areas of New Jersey, and the Florida intensive production areas. In all these locations, too, we have the same pattern of destitute laboring classes eking out the meagerest subsistence from seasonal employment. In such areas, the hired hand is replaced by the migrant worker, as in California. Stories of the importation of Mexican workers from Texas to the Michigan region are more heart-rending than any that come from the contemporary California scene. Wherever the laboring group is also a separate racial or ethnic entity, the social segregation is, if possible, even more marked than in the Arvins of California.

But the extrapolation of the California picture to these other regions, and beyond these to the future areas to come under industrializing influences, does not rest solely upon these data. It stems rather, from the fact that the California situation demonstrates a basic causal relationship. For example, a similar pattern was described nearly half a century ago in an

obscure doctoral dissertation on the history of Watertown, New York. The town had a long history of agricultural production and social life patterned after the tradition dominant in America. The even tenor of its ways—which included high valuation on thrift, work, industriousness, and piety—were suddenly interrupted by the introduction of a fabulously profitable cash crop, hops. In response to this boom, there rapidly developed a community with class differentials, great economic display by the wealthy, and a low evaluation both of work and of the working class. In this town the phenomenon was temporary, for technological development had not reached a point which would support the pattern when the hops boom subsided. But otherwise the parallels with the California communities are striking and the lesson is telling.

Because these urbanized relationships are a direct product of the industrial production technique, the pattern may confidently be expected wherever industrial production develops.

* * *

The process of industrialization results in greater efficiency which increases the productive capacity of the land and the individual. Because of this, the trend toward industrialization cannot itself be stemmed, nor a return to an earlier, simpler society be legislated. With industrialization, the social life of our agricultural acres will become urbanized.

This is not to say that the small farm is a thing of the past. The small farm, like all small business, can and should remain as a bulwark of American policy. As a matter of fact, intelligent farm policy would increase the small farming in America, whereas the New Deal program in agriculture had serious deleterious effects, simply because it was designed in terms of stereotype rather than reality. Three major aspects of a farm program are necessary if we are to capture the good of industrial farming and avoid its dangers.

First, farm relief. The New Deal program of farm relief, based upon the assumption that farmers were essentially equal, paid out relief irrespective of need. In fact, the more a farmer owned, the more money he received. After some years, a top limit of $10,000 was placed on these payments, but if an operator could split his holdings into separate units, he could get any number of such checks. Studies repeatedly showed that these payments caused farm owners in the Middle West to evict tenants and operate with hired labor and more machinery, in the California

manner. This was not an inconsiderable item in the reduction of American farms by half a million. Also, in so far as the program effectively curtailed crops, it effectively destroyed work opportunities. Farm relief must either be abandoned or it must recognize need as a criterion. Indirect forms of aid, such as credit, land rebuilding, and the like, are far more important.

Second, farm labor. Here farm policy has most clearly failed to recognize the reality of the rural situation. Congress has consistently excluded farm labor from social legislation. The Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, the old age and unemployment insurance features of the Social Security Act of 1935, the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the machinery for the protection of collective bargaining are all specifically denied to the farm workers. This policy was continued during the war, with special draft exemptions for farm workers plus labor importation, and separate machinery for determining wage ceilings. Nothing since the close of hostilities has altered, and labor importation continues. It is obvious that the conditions of the farm workers can only be improved by the application of fair labor legislation.

In this context, the long and bitter strike against the Di Giorgio Farm at Arvin offers a particularly telling lesson. The union responsible for the strike action is the National Farm Labor Union (AFL). This union claims the support of approximately eight hundred members in the Arvin community, and these members have been on strike since early in September, 1947. The major issue is union recognition and the establishment of machinery for mediating grievances. The strike was called when Di Giorgio refused the union request to confer with respect to working conditions at his ranch. Although state and federal mediation boards have offered their services, Di Giorgio has rejected both. In the absence of any institutional techniques for adjudicating differences between management and labor, it is obviously impossible to develop a settled labor community.

It is perhaps not so obvious that the small operator will be benefited by the protection of the rights of labor, and the farmers themselves are unaware of the fact. There are in America only a million farmers who hire as much labor as they themselves perform. The rest of America's six million farmers receive their income chiefly as workers on their own land. What they get is based upon competitive prices, and they compete with

the cheap, unprotected labor hired by the few big operators. The five million operators who do most of their own work will benefit by the increased wages which that competition will have to pay—a benefit which will go a long way to protect the institution of small farms against the ravages of large-scale holdings.

Finally, the creation of small farms. Congress has appropriated billions of dollars for the construction of dams and canals so that millions of additional acres can be brought under intensive, industrialized production. Chief among these are the TVA, the Columbia Basin Project, and the Central Valley Project of California. It will appropriate much more to continue the growth of America. According to a law first passed in 1902, the water developed under the United States Bureau of Reclamation must be distributed to holdings of 160 acres or less. This law is known as the acreage limitation law, and was created out of fear of the very social consequence of large land-holdings which have just been described. A major development under this law is the Central Valley Project, which is to bring a million acres of land under cultivation. The dams are built and most of the canals are constructed.

In 1944, in accord with the desires of the large operators, Representative Alfred J. Elliott of Tulare County, California, attempted to exempt California from the law. This attempt was defeated after a bitter fight, by staunch Senators of the 78th Congress who killed a multi-million dollar appropriations act to get rid of it. Senator Sheridan Downey of California has introduced new legislation to the same effect. If it passes, Congress will not only lose its opportunity for creating small farms in California, but will give large farm interests the perfect tool for similar action in all future programs of land development.

Congress and the people cannot stem the march of industrialization; they cannot move back the clock to an earlier, simpler time. But Congress and the people can create a modern democratic rural society by constructive legislation in terms of realities, laws that will preserve and create small farms operated within the new industrial tradition, but maintaining an urban kind of social democracy.

THE SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY

By ROBERT K. MERTON

IN A SERIES OF WORKS seldom consulted outside the academic fraternity, W. I. Thomas, the dean of American sociologists, set forth a theorem basic to the social sciences: "If men define situations as real, they are real in their consequences." Were the Thomas theorem and its implications more widely known more men would understand more of the workings of our society. Though it lacks the sweep and precision of a Newtonian theorem, it possesses the same gift of relevance, being instructively applicable to many, if indeed not most, social processes.

"If men define situations as real, they are real in their consequences," wrote Professor Thomas. The suspicion that he was driving at a crucial point becomes all the more insistent when we note that essentially the same theorem had been repeatedly set forth by disciplined and observant minds long before Thomas.

When we find such otherwise discrepant minds as the redoubtable Bishop Bossuet in his passionate seventeenth-century defense of Catholic orthodoxy; the ironic Mandeville in his eighteenth-century allegory honeycombed with observations on the paradoxes of human society; the irascible genius Marx in his revision of Hegel's theory of historical change; the seminal Freud in works which have perhaps gone further than any others of his day toward modifying man's outlook on man; and the erudite, dogmatic, and occasionally sound Yale professor, William Graham Sumner, who lives on as the Karl Marx of the middle classes—when we find this mixed company (and I select from a longer if less distinguished list) agreeing on the truth and the pertinence of what is substantially the Thomas theorem, we may conclude that perhaps it's worth our attention as well.

To what, then, are Thomas and Bossuet, Mandeville, Marx, Freud and Sumner directing our attention?

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The first part of the theorem provides an unceasing reminder that men respond not only to the objective features of a situation, but also, and at times primarily, to the meaning this situation has for them. And once they have assigned some meaning to the situation, their consequent behavior and some of the consequences of that behavior are determined by the ascribed meaning. But this is still rather abstract, and abstractions have a way of becoming unintelligible if they are not occasionally tied to concrete data. What is a case in point?

It is the year 1932. The Last National Bank is a flourishing institution. A large part of its resources is liquid without being watered. Cartwright Millingville has ample reason to be proud of the banking institution over which he presides. Until Black Wednesday. As he enters his bank, he notices that business is unusually brisk. A little odd, that, since the men at the A.M.O.K. steel plant and the K.O.M.A. mattress factory are not usually paid until Saturday. Yet here are two dozen men, obviously from the factories, queued up in front of the tellers' cages. As he turns into his private office, the president muses rather compassionately: "Hope they haven't been laid off in midweek. They should be in the shop at this hour."

But speculations of this sort have never made for a thriving bank, and Millingville turns to the pile of documents upon his desk. His precise signature is affixed to fewer than a score of papers when he is disturbed by the absence of something familiar and the intrusion of something alien. The low discreet hum of bank business has given way to a strange and annoying stridency of many voices. A situation has been defined as real. And that is the beginning of what ends as Black Wednesday—the last Wednesday, it might be noted, of the Last National Bank.

Cartwright Millingville had never heard of the Thomas theorem. But he had no difficulty in recognizing its workings. He knew that, despite the comparative liquidity of the bank's assets, a rumor of insolvency, once believed by enough depositors, would result in the insolvency of the bank. And by the close of Black Wednesday—and Blacker Thursday—when the long lines of anxious depositors, each frantically seeking to salvage his own, grew to longer lines of even more anxious depositors, it turned out that he was right.

The stable financial structure of the bank had depended upon one set of definitions of the situation: belief in the validity of the interlocking

system of economic promises men live by. Once depositors had defined the situation otherwise, once they questioned the possibility of having these promises fulfilled, the consequences of this unreal definition was real enough.

A familiar type-case, this, and one doesn't need the Thomas theorem to understand how it happened—not, at least, if one is old enough to have voted for Franklin Roosevelt in 1932. But with the aid of the theorem the tragic history of Millingville's bank can perhaps be converted into a sociological parable which may help us understand not only what happened to hundreds of banks in the '30's but also what happens to the relations between Negro and white, between Protestant and Catholic and Jew in these days.

The parable tells us that public definitions of a situation (prophecies or predictions) become an integral part of the situation and thus affect subsequent developments. This is peculiar to human affairs. It is not found in the world of nature. Predictions of the return of Halley's comet do not influence its orbit. But the rumored insolvency of Millingville's bank did affect the actual outcome. The prophecy of collapse led to its own fulfillment.

So common is the pattern of the self-fulfilling prophecy that each of us has his favored specimen. Consider the case of the examination neurosis. Convinced that he is destined to fail, the anxious student devotes more time to worry than to study and then turns in a poor examination. The initially fallacious anxiety is transformed into an entirely justified fear. Or it is believed that war between two nations is "inevitable." Actuated by this conviction, representatives of the two nations become progressively alienated, apprehensively countering each "offensive" move of the other with a "defensive" move of their own. Stockpiles of armaments, raw materials, and armed men grow larger and eventually the anticipation of war helps create the actuality.

The self-fulfilling prophecy is, in the beginning, a *false* definition of the situation evoking a new behavior which makes the originally false conception come *true*. The specious validity of the self-fulfilling prophecy perpetuates a reign of error. For the prophet will cite the actual course of events as proof that he was right from the very beginning. (Yet we know that Millingville's bank was solvent, that it would have survived

for many years had not the misleading rumor *created* the very conditions of its own fulfillment.) Such are the perversities of social logic.

It is the self-fulfilling prophecy which goes far toward explaining the dynamics of ethnic and racial conflict in the America of today. That this is the case, at least for relations between Negroes and whites, may be gathered from the fifteen hundred pages which make up Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma.* That the self-fulfilling prophecy may have even more general bearing upon the relations between ethnic groups than Myrdal has indicated is the thesis of the considerably briefer discussion which follows.[1]

II

As a result of their failure to comprehend the operation of the self-fulfilling prophecy, many Americans of good will are (sometimes reluctantly) brought to retain enduring ethnic and racial prejudices. They experience these beliefs, not as prejudices, not as prejudgments, but as irresistible products of their own observation. "The facts of the case" permit them no other conclusion.

Thus our fair-minded white citizen strongly supports a policy of excluding Negroes from his labor union. His views are, of course, based not upon prejudice, but upon the cold hard facts. And the facts seem clear enough. Negroes, "lately from the nonindustrial South, are undisciplined in traditions of trade unionism and the art of collective bargaining." The Negro is a strikebreaker. The Negro, with his "low standard of living," rushes in to take jobs at less than prevailing wages. The Negro is, in short, "a traitor to the working class," and should manifestly be excluded from union organizations. So run the facts of the case as seen by our tolerant but hard-headed union member, innocent of any understanding of the self-fulfilling prophecy as a basic process of society.

Our unionist fails to see, of course, that he and his kind have produced the very "facts" which he observes. For by defining the situation

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[1]Counterpart of the self-fulfilling prophecy is the "suicidal prophecy" which so alters human behavior from what would have been its course had the prophecy not been made, that it *fails* to be borne out. The prophecy destroys itself. This important type is not considered here. For examples of both types of social prophecy, see R. M. MacIver, *The More Perfect Union* (Macmillan, 1948); for a general statement, see R. K. Merton, "The Unanticipated Consequences of Purposive Social Action," *American Sociological Review,* 1936, I: 894-904.

as one in which Negroes are held to be incorrigibly at odds with principles of unionism and by excluding Negroes from unions, he invited a series of consequences which indeed made it difficult if not impossible for many Negroes to avoid the role of scab. Out of work after World War I, and kept out of unions, thousands of Negroes could not resist strikebound employers who held a door invitingly open upon a world of jobs from which they were otherwise excluded.

History creates its own test of the theory of self-fulfilling prophecies. That Negroes were strikebreakers because they were excluded from unions (and from a large range of jobs) rather than excluded because they were strikebreakers can be seen from the virtual disappearance of Negroes as scabs in industries where they have gained admission to unions in the last decades.

The application of the Thomas theorem also suggests how the tragic, often vicious, circle of self-fulfilling prophecies can be broken. The initial definition of the situation which has set the circle in motion must be abandoned. Only when the original assumption is questioned and a new definition of the situation introduced, does the consequent flow of events give the lie to the assumption. Only then does the belief no longer father the reality.

But to question these deep-rooted definitions of the situation is no simple act of the will. The will, or, for that matter, good will, cannot be turned on and off like a faucet. Social intelligence and good will are themselves *products* of distinct social forces. They are not brought into being by mass propaganda and mass education, in the usual sense of these terms so dear to the sociological panaceans. In the social realm, no more than in the psychological realm, do false ideas quietly vanish when confronted with the truth. One does not expect a paranoiac to abandon his hard-won distortions and delusions upon being informed that they are altogether groundless. If psychic ills could be cured merely by the dissemination of truth, the psychiatrists of this country would be suffering from technological unemployment rather than from overwork. Nor will a continuing "educational campaign" itself destroy racial prejudice and discrimination.

This is not a particularly popular position. The appeal to "education" as a cure-all for the most varied social problems is rooted deep in the mores of America. Yet it is nonetheless illusory for all that. For how

would this program of racial education proceed? Who is to do the educating? The teachers in our communities? But, in some measure like many other Americans, the teachers share the very prejudices they are being urged to combat. And when they don't, aren't they being asked to serve as conscientious martyrs in the cause of educational utopianism? How long would be the tenure of an elementary school teacher in Alabama or Mississippi or Georgia who attempted meticulously to disabuse his young pupils of the racial beliefs they acquired at home? Education may serve as an operational adjunct but not as the chief basis for any but excruciatingly slow change in the prevailing patterns of race relations.

To understand further why educational campaigns cannot be counted on to eliminate prevailing ethnic hostilities, we must examine the operation of "in-groups" and "out-groups" in our society. Ethnic out-groups, to adopt Sumner's useful bit of sociological jargon, consist of all those who are believed to differ significantly from "ourselves" in terms of nationality, race, or religion. Counterpart of the ethnic out-group is of course the ethnic in-group, constituted by those who "belong." There is nothing fixed or eternal about the lines separating the in-group from out-groups. As situations change, the lines of separation change. For a large number of white Americans, Joe Louis is a member of an out-group—when the situation is defined in racial terms. On another occasion, when Louis defeated the nazified Schmeling, many of these same white Americans acclaimed him as a member of the (national) in-group. National loyalty took precedence over racial separatism. These abrupt shifts in group boundaries sometimes prove embarrassing. Thus, when Negro-Americans ran away with the honors in the Olympic games held in Berlin, the Nazis, pointing to the second-class citizenship assigned Negroes in various regions of this country, denied that the United States had really won the games, since the Negro athletes were by our own admission "not full-fledged" Americans. And what could Bilbo or Rankin say to that?

Under the benevolent guidance of the dominant in-group, ethnic out-groups are continuously subjected to a lively process of prejudice which, I think, goes far toward vitiating mass education and mass propaganda for ethnic tolerance. This is the process whereby "in-group virtues become out-group vices," to paraphrase a remark by the sociologist Donald Young. Or, more colloquially and perhaps more instructively, it may be called

the "damned-if-you-do and damned-if-you-don't" process in ethnic and racial relations.

III

To discover that ethnic out-groups are damned if they do embrace the values of white Protestant society and damned if they don't, we have only to turn to one of the in-group culture heroes, examine the qualities with which he is endowed by biographers and popular belief, and thus distill the qualities of mind and action and character which are generally regarded as altogether admirable.

Periodic public opinion polls are not needed to justify the selection of Abe Lincoln as the culture hero who most fully embodies the cardinal American virtues. As the Lynds point out in *Middletown,* the people of that typical small city allow George Washington alone to join Lincoln as the greatest of Americans. He is claimed as their very own by almost as many well-to-do Republicans as by less well-to-do Democrats.

Even the inevitable schoolboy knows that Lincoln was thrifty, hard-working, eager for knowledge, ambitious, devoted to the rights of the average man, and eminently successful in climbing the ladder of opportunity from the lowermost rung of laborer to the respectable heights of merchant and lawyer. (We need follow his dizzying ascent no further.)

If one did not know that these attributes and achievements are numbered high among the values of middle-class America, one would soon discover it by glancing through the Lynds' account of "The Middletown Spirit." For there we find the image of the Great Emancipator fully reflected in the values in which Middletown believes. And since these are their values, it is not surprising to find the Middletowns of America condemning and disparaging those individuals and groups who fail, presumably, to exhibit these virtues. If it appears to the white in-group that Negroes are *not* educated in the same measure as themselves, that they have an "unduly" high proportion of unskilled workers and an "unduly" low proportion of successful business and professional men, that they are thriftless, and so on through the catalogue of middle-class virtue and sin, it is not difficult to understand the charge that the Negro is "inferior" to the white.

Sensitized to the workings of the self-fulfilling prophecy, we should be prepared to find that the anti-Negro charges which are not patently false are only speciously true. The allegations are "true" in the Pick-

wickian sense that we have found self-fulfilling prophecies in general to be true. Thus, if the dominant in-group believes that Negroes are inferior, and sees to it that funds for education are not "wasted on these incompetents" and then proclaims as final evidence of this inferiority that Negroes have proportionately "only" one-fifth as many college graduates as whites, one can scarcely be amazed by this transparent bit of social legerdemain. Having seen the rabbit carefully though not too adroitly placed in the hat, we can only look askance at the triumphant air with which it is finally produced. (In fact, it is a little embarrassing to note that a larger proportion of Negro than of white high school graduates go on to college; obviously, the Negroes who are hardy enough to scale the high walls of discrimination represent an even more highly selected group than the run-of-the-high-school white population.)

So, too, when the gentleman from Mississippi (a state which spends five times as much on the average white pupil as on the average Negro pupil) proclaims the essential inferiority of the Negro by pointing to the per capita ratio of physicians among Negroes as less than one-fourth that of whites, we are impressed more by his scrambled logic than by his profound prejudices. So plain is the mechanism of the self-fulfilling prophecy in these instances that only those forever devoted to the victory of sentiment over fact can take these specious evidences seriously. Yet the spurious evidence often creates a genuine belief. Self-hypnosis through one's own propaganda is a not infrequent phase of the self-fulfilling prophecy.

So much for out-groups being damned if they don't (apparently) manifest in-group virtues. It is a tasteless bit of ethnocentrism, seasoned with self-interest. But what of the second phase of this process? Can one seriously mean that out-groups are also damned if they *do* possess these virtues? Precisely.

Through a faultlessly bisymmetrical prejudice, ethnic and racial out-groups get it coming and going. The systematic condemnation of the out-grouper continues largely *irrespective of what he does.* More: through a freakish exercise of capricious judicial logic, the victim is punished for the crime. Superficial appearances notwithstanding, prejudice and discrimination aimed at the out-group are not a result of what the out-group does, but are rooted deep in the structure of our society and the social psychology of its members.

To understand how this happens, we must examine the moral alchemy through which the in-group readily transmutes virtue into vice and vice into virtue, as the occasion may demand. Our studies will proceed by the case-method.

We begin with the engagingly simple formula of moral alchemy: the same behavior must be differently evaluated according to the person who exhibits it. For example, the proficient alchemist will at once know that the word "firm" is properly declined as follows:

I am firm,
Thou art obstinate,
He is pigheaded.

There are some, unversed in the skills of this science, who will tell you that one and the same term should be applied to all three instances of identical behavior. Such unalchemical nonsense should simply be ignored.

With this experiment in mind, we are prepared to observe how the very same behavior undergoes a complete change of evaluation in its transition from the in-group Abe Lincoln to the out-group Abe Cohen or Abe Kurokawa. We proceed systematically. Did Lincoln work far into the night? This testifies that he was industrious, resolute, perseverant, and eager to realize his capacities to the full. Do the out-group Jews or Japanese keep these same hours? This only bears witness to their sweat-shop mentality, their ruthless undercutting of American standards, their unfair competitive practices. Is the in-group hero frugal, thrifty, and sparing? Then the out-group villain is stingy, miserly and penny-pinching. All honor is due the in-group Abe for his having been smart, shrewd, and intelligent and, by the same token, all contempt is owing the out-group Abes for their being sharp, cunning, crafty, and too clever by far. Did the indomitable Lincoln refuse to remain content with a life of work with the hands? Did he prefer to make use of his brain? Then, all praise for his plucky climb up the shaky ladder of opportunity. But, of course, the eschewing of manual work for brain work among the merchants and lawyers of the out-group deserves nothing but censure for a parasitic way of life. Was Abe Lincoln eager to learn the accumulated wisdom of the ages by unending study? The trouble with the Jew is that he's a greasy grind, with his head always in a book, while decent people are going to a show or a ball game. Was the resolute Lincoln unwilling to limit his standards to those of his provincial community? That is what we should

expect of a man of vision. And if the out-groupers criticize the vulnerable areas in our society, then send 'em back where they came from. Did Lincoln, rising high above his origins, never forget the rights of the common man and applaud the right of workers to strike? This testifies only that, like all real Americans, this greatest of Americans was deathlessly devoted to the cause of freedom. But, as you examine the recent statistics on strikes, remember that these un-American practices are the result of out-groupers pursuing their evil agitation among otherwise contented workers.

Once stated, the classical formula of moral alchemy is clear enough. Through the adroit use of these rich vocabularies of encomium and opprobrium, the in-group readily transmutes its own virtues into others' vices. But why do so many in-groupers qualify as moral alchemists? Why are so many in the dominant in-group so fully devoted to this continuing experiment in moral transmutation?

An explanation may be found by putting ourselves at some distance from this country and following the anthropologist Malinowski to the Trobriand Islands. For there we find an instructively similar pattern. Among the Trobrianders, to a degree which Americans, despite Hollywood and the confession magazines, have apparently not yet approximated, success with women confers honor and prestige on a man. Sexual prowess is a positive value, a moral virtue. But if a rank-and-file Trobriander has "too much" sexual success, if he achieves "too many" triumphs of the heart, an achievement which should of course be limited to the elite, the chiefs or men of power, then this glorious record becomes a scandal and an abomination. The chiefs are quick *to resent any personal achievement not warranted by social position.* The moral virtues remain virtues only so long as they are jealously confined to the proper in-group. The right activity by the wrong people becomes a thing of contempt, not of honor. For clearly, only in this way, by holding these virtues exclusively to themselves, can the men of power retain their distinction, their prestige, and their power. No wiser procedure could be devised to hold intact a system of social stratification and social power.

The Trobrianders can teach us more. For it seems clear that the chiefs have not calculatingly devised this program of entrenchment. Their behavior is spontaneous, unthinking, and immediate. Their resentment of "too much" ambition or "too much" success in the ordinary Trobrian-

der is not contrived, it is genuine. It just happens that this prompt emotional response to the "misplaced" manifestation of in-group virtues also serves the useful expedient of reinforcing the chiefs' special claims to the good things of Trobriand life. Nothing could be more remote from the truth and more distorted a reading of the facts than to assume that this conversion of in-group virtues into out-group vices is part of a calculated, deliberate plot of Trobriand chiefs to keep Trobriand commoners in their place. It is merely that the chiefs have been indoctrinated with an appreciation of the proper order of things, and see it as their heavy burden to enforce the mediocrity of others.

Nor, in quick revulsion from the culpabilities of the moral alchemists, need we succumb to the equivalent error of simply upending the moral status of the in-group and the out-groups. It is not that Jews and Negroes are one and all angelic while Gentiles and whites are one and all fiendish. It is not that individual virtue will now be found exclusively on the wrong side of the ethnic-racial tracks and individual viciousness on the right side. It is conceivable even that there are as many corrupt and vicious men and women among Negroes and Jews as among Gentile whites. It is only that the ugly fence which encloses the in-group happens to exclude the people who make up the out-groups from being treated with the decency ordinarily accorded human beings.

IV

We have only to look at the consequences of this peculiar moral alchemy to see that there is no paradox at all in damning out-groupers if they do and if they don't exhibit in-group virtues. Condemnation on these two scores performs one and the same social function. Seeming opposites coalesce. When Negroes are tagged as incorrigibly inferior because they (apparently) don't manifest these virtues, this confirms the natural rightness of their being assigned an inferior status in society. And when Jews or Japanese are tagged as having too many of the in-group values, it becomes plain that they must be securely controlled by the high walls of discrimination. In both cases, the special status assigned the several out-groups can be seen to be eminently reasonable.

Yet this distinctly reasonable arrangement persists in having most unreasonable consequences, both logical and social. Consider only a few of these.

In some contexts, the limitations enforced upon the out-group—say, rationing the number of Jews permitted to enter colleges and professional schools—logically imply a fear of the alleged superiority of the out-group. Were it otherwise, no discrimination need be practiced. The unyielding, impersonal forces of academic competition would soon trim down the number of Jewish (or Japanese or Negro) students to an "appropriate" size.

This implied belief in the superiority of the out-group seems premature. There is simply not enough scientific evidence to demonstrate Jewish or Japanese or Negro superiority. The effort of the in-group discriminator to supplant the myth of Aryan superiority with the myth of non-Aryan superiority is condemned to failure by science. Moreover, such myths are ill-advised. Eventually, life in a world of myth must collide with fact in the world of reality. As a matter of simple self-interest and social therapy, therefore, it might be wise for the in-group to abandon the myth and cling to the reality.

The pattern of being damned-if-you-do and damned-if-you-don't has further consequences—among the out-groups themselves. The response to alleged deficiencies is as clear as it is predictable. If one is repeatedly told that one is inferior, that one lacks any positive accomplishments, it is all too human to seize upon every bit of evidence to the contrary. The in-group definitions force upon the allegedly inferior out-group a defensive tendency to magnify and exalt "race accomplishments." As the distinguished Negro sociologist, Franklin Frazier, has noted, the Negro newspapers are "intensely race conscious and exhibit considerable pride in the achievements of the Negro, most of which are meagre performances as measured by broader standards." Self-glorification, found in some measure among all groups, becomes a frequent counter-response to persistent belittlement from without.

It is the damnation of out-groups for "excessive achievement," however, which gives rise to truly bizarre behavior. For, after a time and often as a matter of self-defense, these out-groups become persuaded that their virtues really are vices. And this provides the final episode in a tragicomedy of inverted values.

Let us try to follow the plot through its intricate maze of self-contradictions. Respectful admiration for the arduous climb from office boy to president is rooted deep in American culture. This long and strenuous

ascent carries with it a two-fold testimonial: it testifies that careers are abundantly open to genuine talent in American society and it testifies to the worth of the man who has distinguished himself by his heroic rise. It would be invidious to choose among the many stalwart figures who have fought their way up, against all odds, until they have reached the pinnacle, there to sit at the head of the long conference table in the longer conference room of The Board. Taken at random, the saga of Frederick H. Ecker, chairman of the board of one of the largest privately managed corporations in the world, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will suffice as the prototype. From a menial and poorly paid job, he rose to a position of eminence. Appropriately enough, an unceasing flow of honors has come to this man of large power and large achievement. It so happens, though it is a matter personal to this eminent man of finance, that Mr. Ecker is a Presbyterian. Yet at last report, no elder of the Presbyterian church has risen publicly to announce that Mr. Ecker's successful career should not be taken too seriously, that, after all, relatively few Presbyterians have risen from rags to riches and that Presbyterians do not actually "control" the world of finance—or life insurance, or investment housing. Rather, one would suppose, Presbyterian elders join with other Americans imbued with middle-class standards of success to felicitate the eminently successful Mr. Ecker and to acclaim other sons of the faith who have risen to almost equal heights. Secure with their in-group status, they point the finger of pride rather than the finger of dismay at individual success.

Prompted by the practice of moral alchemy, noteworthy achievements by out-groupers elicit other responses. Patently, if achievement is a vice, the achievement must be disclaimed—or at least, discounted. Under these conditions, what is an occasion for Presbyterian pride must become an occasion for Jewish dismay. If the Jew is condemned for his educational or professional or scientific or economic success, then, understandably enough, many Jews will come to feel that these accomplishments must be minimized in simple self-defense. Thus is the circle of paradox closed by out-groupers busily engaged in assuring the powerful in-group that they have not, in fact, been guilty of inordinate contributions to science, the professions, the arts, the government, and the economy.

In a society which ordinarily looks upon wealth as a warrant of ability, an out-group is compelled by the inverted attitudes of the dom-

inant in-group to deny that many men of wealth are among its members. "Among the 200 largest nonbanking corporations . . . only ten have a Jew as president or chairman of the board." Is this an observation of an anti-Semite, intent on proving the incapacity and inferiority of Jews who have done so little "to build the corporations which have built America"? No; it is a retort of the Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai Brith to anti-Semitic propaganda.

In a society where, as a recent survey by the National Opinion Research Center has shown, the profession of medicine ranks higher in social prestige than any other of ninety occupations (save that of United States Supreme Court Justice), we find some Jewish spokesmen manoeuvred by the attacking in-group into the fantastic position of announcing their "deep concern" over the number of Jews in medical practice, which is "disproportionate to the number of Jews in other occupations." In a nation suffering from a notorious undersupply of physicians, the Jewish doctor becomes a deplorable occasion for deep concern, rather than receiving applause for his hard-won acquisition of knowledge and skills and for his social utility. Only when the New York Yankees publicly announce deep concern over their eleven World Series titles, so disproportionate to the number of triumphs achieved by other major league teams, will this self-abnegation seem part of the normal order of things.

In a culture which consistently judges the professionals higher in social value than even the most skilled hewers of wood and drawers of water, the out-group finds itself in the anomalous position of pointing with defensive relief to the large number of Jewish painters and paper hangers, plasterers and electricians, plumbers and sheet-metal workers.

But the ultimate reversal of values is yet to be noted. Each succeeding census finds more and more Americans in the city and its suburbs. Americans have travelled the road to urbanization until less than one-fifth of the nation's population live on farms. Plainly, it is high time for the Methodist and the Catholic, the Baptist and the Episcopalian to recognize the iniquity of this trek of their coreligionists to the city. For, as is well known, one of the central accusations levelled against the Jew is his heinous tendency to live in cities. Jewish leaders, therefore, find themselves in the incredible position of defensively urging their people to move into the very farm areas being hastily vacated by city-bound hordes of Christians. Perhaps this is not altogether necessary. As the Jewish crime

of urbanism becomes ever more popular among the in-group, it may be reshaped into transcendent virtue. But, admittedly, one can't be certain. For in this daft confusion of inverted values, it soon becomes impossible to determine when virtue is sin and sin, moral perfection.

Amid this confusion, one fact remains unambiguous. The Jews, like other peoples, have made distinguished contributions to world culture. Consider only an abbreviated catalogue. In the field of creative literature (and with acknowledgment of large variations in the calibre of achievement), Jewish authors include Heine, Karl Kraus, Börne, Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, Kafka. In the realm of musical composition, there are Meyerbeer, Felix Mendelssohn, Offenbach, Mahler, and Schönberg. Among the musical virtuosi, consider only Rosenthal, Schnabel, Godowsky, Pachmann, Kreisler, Hubermann, Milstein, Elman, Heifetz, Joachim, and Menuhin. And among scientists of a stature sufficient to merit the Nobel prize, examine the familiar list which includes Beranyi, Mayerhof, Ehrlich, Michelson, Lippmann, Haber, Willstätter, and Einstein. Or in the esoteric and imaginative universe of mathematical invention, take note only of Kronecker, the creator of the modern theory of numbers; Hermann Minkowski,[2] who supplied the mathematical foundations of the special theory of relativity; or Jacobi, with his basic work in the theory of elliptical functions. And so through each special province of cultural achievement, we are supplied with a list of pre-eminent men and women who happened to be Jews.

And who is thus busily engaged in singing the praises of the Jews? Who has so assiduously compiled the list of many hundreds of distinguished Jews who contributed so notably to science, literature and the arts—a list from which these few cases were excerpted? A philo-Semite, eager to demonstrate that his people have contributed their due share to world culture? No, by now we should know better than that. The complete list will be found in the thirty-sixth edition of an anti-Semitic handbook by the racist Fritsch. In accord with the alchemical formula for transmuting in-group virtues into out-group vices, he presents this as a

[2]Obviously, the forename must be explicitly mentioned here, else Hermann Minkowski, the mathematician, may be confused with Eugen Minkowsky, who contributed so notably to our knowledge of schizophrenia, or with Mieczyslaw Minkowski, high in the ranks of brain anatomists, or even with Oskar Minkowski, discoverer of pancreatic diabetes.

roll call of sinister spirits who have usurped the accomplishments properly owing the Aryan in-group.

Once we comprehend the predominant role of the in-group in defining the situation, the further paradox of the seemingly opposed behavior of the Negro out-group and the Jewish out-group falls away. The behavior of both minority groups is in response to the majority-group allegations.

If the Negroes are accused of inferiority, and their alleged failure to contribute to world culture is cited in support of this accusation, the human urge for self-respect and a concern for security leads them *defensively* often to magnify each and every achievement by members of the race. If Jews are accused of "excessive" achievements and "excessive" ambitions, and lists of pre-eminent Jews are compiled in support of this counter-accusation, then the urge for security leads them *defensively* to minimize the actual achievements of members of the group. Apparently opposed types of behavior have the same psychological and social functions. Self-assertion and self-effacement become the devices for seeking to cope with condemnation for alleged group deficiency and condemnation for alleged group excesses, respectively. And with a fine sense of moral superiority, the secure in-group looks on these curious performances by the out-groups with mingled derision and contempt.

V

Will this desolate tragicomedy run on and on, marked only by minor changes in the cast? Not necessarily.

Were moral scruples and a sense of decency the only bases for bringing the play to an end, one would indeed expect it to continue an indefinitely long run. In and of themselves, moral sentiments are not much more effective in curing social ills than in curing physical ills. Moral sentiments no doubt help to motivate efforts for change, but they are no substitute for hard-headed instrumentalities for achieving the objective, as the thickly populated graveyard of soft-headed utopias bears witness.

There are ample indications that a deliberate and planned halt can be put to the workings of the self-fulfilling prophecy and the vicious circle in society. The sequel to our sociological parable of the Last National Bank provides one clue to the way in which this can be achieved. During the fabulous '20's, when Coolidge undoubtedly caused a Republican era

of lush prosperity, an average of 635 banks a year quietly suspended operations. And during the four years immediately before and after The Crash, when Hoover undoubtedly did not cause a Republican era of sluggish depression, this zoomed to the more spectacular average of 2,276 bank suspensions annually. But, interestingly enough, in the twelve years following the establishment of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the enactment of other banking legislation while Roosevelt presided over Democratic depression and revival, recession and boom, bank suspensions dropped to a niggardly average of 28 a year. Perhaps money panics have not been institutionally exorcized by legislation. Nevertheless, millions of depositors no longer have occasion to give way to panic-motivated runs on banks simply because deliberate institutional change has removed the grounds for panic. Occasions for racial hostility are no more inborn psychological constants than are occasions for panic. Despite the teachings of amateur psychologists, blind panic and racial aggression are not rooted in "human nature." These patterns of human behavior are largely a product of the modifiable structure of society.

For a further clue, return to our instance of widespread hostility of white unionists toward the Negro strikebreakers brought into industry by employers after the close of the very first World War. Once the initial definition of Negroes as not deserving of union membership had largely broken down, the Negro, with a wider range of work opportunities, no longer found it necessary to enter industry through the doors held open by strikebound employers. Again, appropriate institutional change broke through the tragic circle of the self-fulfilling prophecy. Deliberate social change gave the lie to the firm conviction that "it just ain't in the nature of the nigra" to join co-operatively with his white fellows in trade unions.

A final instance is drawn from a study of a biracial housing project which I have been conducting with Patricia J. Salter, under a grant from the Lavanburg Foundation. Located in Pittsburgh, this community of Hilltown is made up of fifty per cent Negro families and fifty per cent white. It is not a twentieth-century utopia. There is some interpersonal friction here, as elsewhere. But in a community made up of equal numbers of the two races, fewer than a fifth of the whites and less than a third of the Negroes report that this friction occurs between members of *different* races. By their own testimony, it is very largely confined to disagreements *within* each racial group. Yet only one in every twenty-five

whites initially *expected* relations between the races in this community to run smoothly, whereas five times as many expected serious trouble, the remainder anticipating a tolerable, if not altogether pleasant, situation. So much for expectations. Upon reviewing their actual experience, three of every four of the most apprehensive whites subsequently found that the "races get along fairly well," after all. This is not the place to report the findings of the Lavanburg study in detail, but substantially these demonstrate anew that under *appropriate institutional and administrative conditions,* the experience of interracial amity can supplant the fear of interracial conflict.

These changes, and others of the same kind, do not occur automatically. *The self-fulfilling prophecy, whereby fears are translated into reality, operates only in the absence of deliberate institutional controls.* And it is only with the rejection of social fatalism implied in the notion of unchangeable human nature that the tragic circle of fear, social disaster, reinforced fear can be broken.

Ethnic prejudices do die—but slowly. They can be helped over the threshold of oblivion, not by insisting that it is unreasonable and unworthy of them to survive, but by cutting off their sustenance now provided by certain institutions of our society.

If we find ourselves doubting man's capacity to control man and his society, if we persist in our tendency to find in the patterns of the past the chart of the future, it is perhaps time to take up anew the wisdom of Tocqueville's 112-year-old apothegm: "What we call necessary institutions are often no more than institutions to which we have grown accustomed."

Nor can widespread, even typical, failures in planning human relations between ethnic groups be cited as evidence for pessimism. In the world laboratory of the sociologist, as in the more secluded laboratories of the physicist and chemist, it is the successful experiment which is decisive and not the thousand-and-one failures which preceded it. More is learned from the single success than from the multiple failures. A single success proves it can be done. Thereafter, it is necessary only to learn what made it work. This, at least, is what I take to be the sociological sense of those revealing words of Thomas Love Peacock: "Whatever is, is possible."

A STORY

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE

By GORDON SAGER

DIFFICULT AS IT IS, on this decrepit, rusty, narrow-gauge Wagon-Lit, I must not let tonight escape into the limbo of all the yesterdays without an entry here, however brief. I shall probably be unable to sleep in any case: there is a monumental Arab in the next compartment whose snores somehow surmount the ceaseless clangor of the wheels. But I feel no rancor; he is a symbol, however unpleasant, of what I have come to Morocco to rediscover. Let him snore; all is well. Alchâmdu-lillâhi, as he himself might say.

How you would hate him, Nell! He is very gross and, although he is certainly wealthy (else he could not afford to travel Wagon-Lit), he is quite grubby. His fez is spotted, and his djellâba is, not to exaggerate, quite dusty around the edges. He is badly in need of a shave. His left eye is white and blank—one of those unpleasant hereditary things, I suppose.

I was lucky to be able to leave Casablanca so quickly. The boat docked this afternoon, and the customs were most perfunctory. I had no trouble at all about the dollars I smuggled through (formerly your dollars, Nell) to exchange on the black market; I was afraid I might; and I was immediately able to secure a berth on the overnight train to Fès. The dawn and I will arrive together tomorrow in the ancient and magical city of Fès, which is all white and grey and strange cubes, colorless and potent, remote enough, even for my tastes, from the Plaza.

Casablanca was dreadful, of course, as I had known it would be. Casablanca has always been dreadful, a hideous port where the West has met the East, taken what it had to give, and in return given only a sense of the value of the dollar. That was why, when the Norwegian radio operator on board ship told me that one could get along there perfectly well speaking nothing but English, I was not dismayed. Casablanca has

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for many years been a Western city, and the war only increased that already rendered disservice. The urchins in the Place de France, I myself noted, no longer cry, in their charming mélange of impossible French and Arabic, "Cirri, sidi." No, I was accosted several times with the words, "Shoe-shine, Mac," in a most deplorable Brooklyn accent. The American Army, clearly, has been to Casablanca.

It might not be amiss to note here, also, that it was suggested to me by a young Arab in the Square that I might like to see the *femmes*—'Juives, Marocaines," he said, with a rolling of the eyes. I refused, of course (I had not, after all, come to Morocco to sample the well-tried wares of Casablanca), but I was flattered, none the less. I think I do not at all look my sixty-two years; no doubt the sun tan, acquired on board, is helpful.

"Individu," the carriage wheels are saying; "individu, individu." It is a French train, and the wheels, quite properly, are speaking French. "Individu, individu." The fat Arab has mercifully stopped his snores for a moment, and I think I shall soon extinguish my bed lamp and try to sleep. It has been an exhausting day. The bargaining with the filthy money-changers (I'm *positive* most of them were Jews) was endless, and then I was able to get only two hundred francs to the dollar. I exchanged very little, to their greasy disappointment. I see no reason why I should not get two-fifty. Dollars, after all, are very valuable here. I refuse to be cheated.

Suddenly I am reminded of Fès Djedid, the Mellah, the Bab Ftouh, the fondouks, and the twilight hour, which brought the Chleuh dancers, so incredibly young and graceful, and the hideous deformed beggars, deformed beyond humanity, the spastics and the dwarfs, the fakirs, the story-tellers, the fire-eaters and the snake-charmers. The memory is inexpressibly clear across fifteen years. I was very happy that winter in Fès. How was it you let me escape, Nell? I was lucky—you were determined to see Sweden, with your black umbrella rolled tightly under your arm. You let me escape only once. I know; don't think I have been fooled. I knew the following summer that you had read my journal, and my private correspondence as well. Oh, Nell, did you think I was unaware that when you were left alone in the apartment you tiptoed down the hall to my room and opened the drawer of my desk and sat, in delirious fear, reading my journal, eavesdropping on my life? I was helpless. The

money was all in your name for your lifetime. There was nothing I could do but wait for you to die. It was very unfair of Mama to leave all Father's money invested that way for you; but she always preferred you. I knew that too.

Nell, I thought you would never die! I even feared, now and then, that you might outlive me, although you were always the sickly one, even as a child. Do you remember the rainy day we were playing in the attic and you fainted? They were afraid you might die then, but you didn't. You will never know how pleasant it is to write what I please in my own journal. Dead men rise up never, Nell. Dead women either.

I *must* get some sleep.

The wheels have changed their tune now. Now they are saying, "Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Moon." Of course it is my subconscious mind telling me to sleep, reminding me of Miss Sitwell's wonderful somnolent poem. Now is the time to say goodbye. . . . I have forgotten how it goes.

No matter. I shall sleep now. A bientôt, Nell—*I* shall awake in the morning.

* * *

I have finished my breakfast, and it is just as I thought it would be. I am lying in bed, a tremendous double bed three feet from the ground, with a camel blanket at my feet, its tassels wagging foolishly in the faint breeze from the open window, and I am slowly drinking my coffee, that thick, black Arab coffee, and I have no feeling of immediacy or urgency or haste. Soon I shall arise and go for a stroll through the old city, the Medinah, but in the back of my mind there is the knowledge that I have all the time in the world. That, I suppose, is one of the reasons I love Africa; it is so far away from banking hours and offices, subways and accomplishment of all kinds. Our American ideas of "progress" have taken such a firm hold on the world; the continent of Europe is now almost a suburb of New York, an enlarged Westchester County. How hateful that is to a man of sensibility! Spain, perhaps alone of all the countries of Europe, has held fast to its own integral ideas. It still has a firm government under Franco; it tolerates no nonsense. England, France, Italy, Germany—they are all gone, they are all local stops on the Seventh Avenue Subway.

But why do I abuse my mind with such gloomy fantasies?

Fès is there, Fès lies before me, and when I have finished my coffee

I shall go and renew old acquaintance. So far I have seen no particular changes, although I have been watching for them fearfully. We arrived at dawn, and the railroad station was the same, the same sleepy, dirty, crowded beehive that I remembered. A horse-drawn carriage brought me to the hotel, and only after enough knocking to awake Duncan was I admitted. A young Arab boy sleepily unbarred the door and sleepily admitted that there might be a room, and now I am in Fès, cheerfully ensconced. I think I shall remain here forever.

I must remember to go to the Jewish quarter today, the Mellah, to try to get a better exchange for my dollars. Arabs would not soil their hands with the filthy business of money-changing; one must go to the Jews. I laugh when I think what you would say, Nell, to see me spending Mama's money in French Morocco—and you scarcely cold in your grave. You always hated the things I liked. Your death was the first really sisterly act you have performed for me in many, many years. Thank you, my dear.

* * *

What a wonderful day it has been!

Shall I ever be able to describe my delight, my feeling of having at last come home? The cigar shop on Madison Avenue, where I bought my *Herald-Tribune* every morning, is further away now than Timbuctu!

It is incredible. I think not one stone in the Medinah has been changed in the fifteen years since I have seen it. Moulay-Idriss is intact, exactly as I remembered, and the wonderful Nedjarine Fountain is still fantastic. The ceramic colors are even more beautiful than my memory permitted them to be; that pale, incredibly delicate greenish-blue is like no other color in the world—except perhaps the sea in early morning? No, I think in the creation of that blue man has got the better of nature. It is a unique, a lost art; no one has been able to duplicate that color in three hundred years. Outside the Bab Dekaken I saw a herd of camels, elegantly sniffing the air and glaring balefully about them. I think there is no animal in the world quite so haughty as the camel or so cantankerous, and certainly there is no beast of burden who knows so well exactly how much he is willing to bear.

I wandered for hours through the Medinah, past all the shops—the souks, as they call them—where there were clothes for sale, the long Arab

cloaks, the baggy trousers, fezzes, meat, fish, spices, copper, incense, all the things that make up this wonderful and exciting world. How can I express my relief at finding that that world has moderated so little? Oh, there are small changes, to be sure—and all of them disagreeable. For instance, I noted with distaste that the women have taken to going abroad on the streets far more freely than they once did. They are veiled, of course, but many of them have changed their dress. They wear men's djellâbas, because these are more practical on the street. And some of the men, in turn, are completely dressed in European clothes—they even go out, a few of them, without fezzes! But those are small and, I suppose, inevitable changes for me to carp at. As to the rest, the city is still magnificently medieval; and there has been no sanitation campaign: the Medinah is as dirty as it should be.

After lunch and a brief siesta (but I was too excited to sleep long), I walked over to the Mellah, but the exchange I was able to get on the black market there was very little better than that in Casablanca. I shall hold off; I am sure I shall be able to get the better of these Jews. After all, I have the blood of Yankee traders in my veins. But they are very shrewd, they are very difficult to bargain with satisfactorily. Sometimes one wonders if, in spite of its unfortunate barbarism in so many of its aspects, Nazism did not have quite a bit to recommend it.

Then I went to the café that I remembered so well in the Jardin and had Arab tea with mint and listened to the sunset, which is always noisy in Mussulman places. I must remember some afternoon to go to the "café des Merinides" up on the hill and watch night overtake the city. But there is no hurry; I have all the time I want; that is a superb thought. I saw a beautiful little girl, about seven or eight, at the Fountain; she had very few clothes on, and those were ragged and shabby, but her eyes were dark and enormous, her face was so young and trusting. I must go to the Quartier Réservé, but not tonight. I am very tired tonight. Fès is exhausting—to mind and body and soul alike; it is strange, intense, vital. It is like a constant, a delicious hammering. Besides, have I not all the time in the world? I feel quite young again.

* * *

Once more I am very tired. I have just dined. It is difficult to realize that Fès is more exhausting than, let us say, New York. It is small, sleepy,

medieval; and yet it is also violent, in a way that no American (or European) city could be. It has behind it the primeval violence of the Arab mind. We Christians are content, most of us, to accept God on Sundays and holy days or perhaps not at all, but not the Mussulman. God, Allah, is with him every moment, or if not Allah himself, then the will of Allah. I imagine these people see Allah as an enormously rich, capricious sultan, whose sudden whims make the world such an unthinkably vagarious place. One's donkey, young and in the best of health, dies mysteriously overnight. One shrugs one's shoulders. Muktûb. It is written. It is written in the will of Allah. And if one is ill, there is very little object in seeing a doctor, for whether or not one recovers depends on the will of Allah. I confess I like that point of view myself; it is so refreshingly unamerican.

I had a clear philosophic exposition of it this afternoon. I took a calèche to Sidi Hazarem, to renew my acquaintance with the magnificent hot springs there. The horses were ancient and tired, and only Allah knows what they had been eating, for they broke wind constantly, and most unpleasantly. The driver was apparently wholly inured to it, for when I commented on the fact, he did not know what I was talking about. Fortunately I had with me a kerchief saturated with *eau de cologne* and so I was able to tolerate the journey. The horses were not fiery Arabian stallions. Although the springs are only seven miles from Fès, the journey took over an hour; but as the calèche was open and I was able to admire the brown, mysterious African landscape, I did not at all object.

The springs, when we finally arrived, were a disappointment. I had remembered their savage, primitive wildness, the pools and grottos surrounded by untamed forest, a few people, mostly children, bathing naked and unashamed. Alas, I was told that the Allied Armies, when they were in North Africa, passed through Sidi Hazarem, and, more clearly than if they had ravaged the countryside, they left traces of their visit. The springs were crowded, and everyone wore unattractive bathing suits. Worse than that, the moment I stepped out of the calèche, I was accosted by a young Arab, who cried, "Hey! You want for to swim, mister? Damn good swimming."

But I did not consider my journey at all wasted. By no means. For, as I sat on the edge of one of the pools, I noticed by my side an ancient Arab, dignified by a white beard and the yellow turban, rare in these

parts, which means that the wearer has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He was a Hadj, and therefore venerable. We began to converse in French, and I said I found Sidi Hazarem much changed. The Arab's French was quite good. He nodded his head slowly and said, "Many things change, sir, and yet there are many things that never change. (Il y'en a beaucoup qui ne changent jamais.) The mind of man and the will of Allah, those are two things that never change. We are here for a purpose, mysterious to us, and that purpose we will fulfill in whatever manner it is set down that we should fulfill it. We cannot change our destiny, and the wise ones do not try." He spoke slowly and beautifully, and his eyes were clear, piercing blue eyes. I told him how comforting I found his philosophy, and he slowly stroked his beard and nodded again. I tried to continue our conversation, but he had apparently said all he was going to say, for he only nodded and very soon rose. I was surprised to see him step into the tonneau of a Rolls-Royce, which I had not noticed on arrival. He must have been a pascha or a high dignitary of some kind. I cannot imagine what could have brought him to such a drearily bourgeois watering-place as Sidi Hazarem has become.

I myself left very soon after and alighted at the Place du Commerce, whence I began to walk, for it was late afternoon and quite cool, towards my hotel. I had gone but a few blocks when I was stopped by a young Arab in an expensive fez. He had flashing gold teeth. He spoke to me in French. "You have dollars to change?" he asked, very quietly. I considered before I replied, for trading on the black market is highly illegal, but the street was crowded in the dusk of late afternoon, and one was hardly likely to be noticed. I signified to him that I did (fortunately I had brought some bank notes with me) and asked what exchange he would give. "Deux cents cinquante," he replied, and then, to be sure I understood, he repeated in English, with a quite abominable accent, "Two-feefty, Joe." I did not like him, he was not at all the sort of Arab I admire, but two hundred and fifty francs to the dollar is quite a good exchange (the legal bank rate now is just something over a hundred), so I answered (in French) that I would change fifty dollars if he had that many francs with him. He withdrew, from under his jacket, an enormous bank roll and counted out, in my presence, twelve thousand five hundred francs. I handed over the bills, and he quickly disappeared into the gathering darkness. I felt quite rich as I walked slowly back to the hotel.

Alas, after I was in my room I recounted the money and discovered there were two thousand francs less than there should have been. I am afraid I am very gullible. My surprise was all the greater as this was not the sort of trick one expects of an Arab. At that, I did not do so badly, but I was glad that Nell was not here to witness my gulling. She always said, even when we were young, that I had no sense about those things. I think it was this attitude of hers that influenced Mama to leave the money in her name. Nell was always very clever about such matters.

And perhaps she was right. Perhaps my spirit was always too fine for the sordid, everyday things of this world. I find the words of the old Hadj a comfort now. There are some things that never change, and this vulgar questing after money and accomplishment that we Americans have, and that we are attempting to thrust on the rest of the world, has ever been alien to my soul. Mama used to wonder that I never chose to take up my profession. She always thought that after the degree from Princeton and two years in Rome (with Nell!) I should have been content meekly to join some architect's office (any number of offers were made me, of course) and live out a dreary life building houses for unworthy people. I always refused, and that was one of the things that prejudiced Mama against me. (I may write these thoughts down now, without fear of Nell's reading them.) Mama used to hold Father and Grandfather up as examples, but they were, after all, not made of quite the same stuff as I. Mama used to say that work was prayer, but I never believed that, I'm afraid.

And I still do not. I have held fast to my principles.

It is quite late now, after eleven. I dined late, for my experience with the thieving Arab was so shattering I had to lie down for two hours before I could face dinner on the terrace of the hotel. It was not a very good dinner. I am growing weary of the eternal mutton here.

I had thought to go to the Quartier tonight, but now I believe I shall put it off until tomorrow. I want to feel my best. The anticipation, in any case, is almost as delicious as the reality. I shiver when I think of the dark, treacherous winding streets, and the indescribable pleasures that lie at the end of them. They are there waiting, and if I do not partake of them tonight, there is always tomorrow. I remember when Nell and I were in Tangier, we could see the mountains of Spain across the Strait, and she was all for taking the boat across the next morning. Do you remem-

ber, Nell? And you could never understand my own feeling (a finer one, I think)—of knowing that Spain was there, to be reached in a couple of hours, and of putting off the final moment, so as to savor the anticipation. No, you never understood, Nell; you never understood me at all.

* * *

I lunched—*pour varier un peu les plaisirs*—at an Arab restaurant today! The food was astonishingly good. Lamb again, of course—but properly cooked this time, not in an imitation of French cuisine. Lamb on skewers with cous-cous, and before that a really magnificent soup; for dessert, a melon. I enjoyed it enormously.

In fact, the only disagreeable aspect of the lunch was the waiter, and I'm afraid I have only myself to blame for that. I lunched early, by Arab standards, and so I was the sole patron of the restaurant. The waiter was a pleasant lad, and I began to speak to him as I waited for the kebab. He told me—quite gratuitously, in the course of our conversation—that he did not at all care for the life of a waiter. He said he considered that it was too domestic, that he was a servant, almost a slave, rather than a man, and that he considered his salary grossly insufficient. This was surprising to me, for it is a line of thought very alien to the Mussulman philosophy as I knew it. Nevertheless, I humored him. "What would you like to do?" I asked.

"I would like to go to America," he replied.

"Why?" I enquired.

"Well," he said, "an American who was here in the Army told me that everyone could make a lot of money in America and live very well. Here there is nothing." He looked about the restaurant as though it were Fès itself, contemptuously.

"You would not at all like America," I said. "It is very noisy, and you would have to rush around and work very hard in order to make money."

He smiled. "I would like that," he said. "I would like to make a lot of money. The American who was here with the Army told me in America one could buy anything one wanted, even automobiles." The very rags he wore quivered happily.

I did not argue with him. He was thoroughly ruined. What sins we shall have to answer for, we Americans! Later he said, as he served the melon, "Is America very far? It it further than France?"

"Much further," I replied, and his face fell.

On the way back to the hotel I passed the Quartier Réservé and walked through it for just a few minutes, remembering the delicious moments I had known there in the past, in my salad days, when I was green. The very air tingled with something mysterious and exciting, even in daylight. Shutters and curtains were drawn, but behind them one sensed the darkness and the beckoning. As I was leaving, an adorable child peeped out at me from behind a curtain. I smiled at her, and she returned the smile.

I shall rest now and tonight, I think, I shall definitely go to the Quartier. I noticed a slight rash on my arm. If it is not improved by morning, I must hunt up a doctor. I do not like to let such things go in this climate. I wonder if there is a good physician here . . . not as good as New York doctors, I fancy.

* * *

This morning I spoke to a charming gentleman at the Spanish Consulate here. Tired though I was, I arose early (the rash had almost disappeared, I am glad to say), for I thought that I had better get my business taken care of. He was courteous and mannered and assured me that Spain was now in a state of absolute tranquillity (his own words) and was prepared to welcome American tourists. He said that the country, under General Franco, was happy and peaceful and prosperous, and he was certain that I should have a pleasant visit there. If he is any indication, I believe I shall. He granted me a transit visa in a matter of moments. Then I purchased a ticket on the train tonight for Tangier, where I shall be able to get a boat to Algeciras. From Algeciras there is a train to Granada, which has always been one of my favorite places.

Tonight, then, I shall leave French Morocco. I shall not be sorry, I think. Unfortunately, I shall have to take a loss on all the Moroccan francs I purchased, but I believe I shall be able to get a better exchange in Tangier than anywhere else. There is a ridiculous law, however, against taking out of the country more than four thousand francs, so I shall have to smuggle the rest out. This is very distasteful, but there is no help for it. I believe I shall put them in the pocket of my blue suit in the large suitcase, where I doubt that the customs inspectors will find them. If they do, I shall simply say that I had mislaid them and did not know they were there. They can hardly doubt my word.

Of my visit to the Quartier, the less said the better, for an account of it would not make pleasant rereading, and that, after all, is the purpose of a journal, is it not? To set down one's impressions, one's daily activities, one's thoughts—so that in later years (although today I am very gloomy; I wonder how many "later years" I shall have for looking back in) one may glance over the record and relive the pleasant moments. I realize my journal is not the sort to be of interest to anyone else; I am no Pepys, no Rousseau; and even if I were I should not care to share my life with other people, philistines and vulgar historiographers. No, I shall leave instructions for my journal to be destroyed on my demise.

Even so, I do not see that it would be edifying to set down in detail the occurrences of last evening. When a man of rare tastes clashes with the restrictive bourgeoisie of the world, there is no beauty in the conflict nor indeed any moral to be drawn but that such conflicts should be avoided. I entered the Quartier with delightful anticipation; I left it most unpleasantly. Morocco, I see now, has changed far more than I was prepared to admit. Alas, the entire world is in a process of change; there will soon be no place left unspoiled.

I wandered for quite a while through the Quartier, and I entered any number of cafés, listening to the shrill certain Arab music and watching the grotesquely painted whores, many of them tatooed *à l'arabe* and all of them with flashing gold somewhere or other in their mouths. I watched the men of the Foreign Legion come in and make their choice, and I pitied them, for I am certain that all of the women were diseased. I saw a rather amusing fight between a Senegalese soldier and one of the women. He had not, apparently, paid her what she deemed requisite and she began to berate him. When he laughed at her, she hit him; this infuriated him, and so he struck her square on the nose. Her nose began to bleed profusely, and it was then that the woman kicked him in the groin and ran away. It was really very amusing, and the music continued as though nothing were happening. It is strange, that music, haunting and monotonous and beautiful.

As I say, I shall not at all retail the events of last night. I see no reason for setting down such disagreeable occurrences. Suffice it to say that I finally determined on a café that seemed somewhat to my taste, and after spending quite some time there I entered into conversation with the proprietress, an ancient witch of a woman dressed in red satin. She

was very eager to please, all smiles at first, but the moment I said something about the little girl in the corner (a beautiful little thing around seven years old), she began to scream in Arabic at the top of her voice. My presence had already attracted some spectators, but now this hullabaloo seemed to bring the entire Quartier there. What a to-do there was! Then she began to threaten me, in French, with the police. Escape was impossible. I was completely ringed by a sea of grinning, Arab faces. Finally, however, I quieted her sufficiently for an exchange of money to take place, and then I was able to run away. Indeed, even as I slipped into the darkness, I saw two of the gendarmes from the Poste running toward the café. I have no idea what the woman told them. Fortunately, I was able to secure a calèche, as soon as I left the Quartier, which brought me directly to the hotel.

I spent a most disagreeable night, tossing on my bed, and finally succumbed to the extent of taking a seconal tablet, which I do not at all approve of. Then I awoke early to conclude my business. I shall not be sorry to leave this country, which, between the French colonials and the Americans, has been effectually ruined. I shall rest until the train leaves tonight. I doubt that it will be a pleasant journey, but it will be a relief at any rate to reach the International Zone and from there Spain. I think Spain will prove more *gemütlich*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHITEHEAD

By VICTOR LOWE

Philosophy is the product of wonder. The effort after the general characterization of the world around us is the romance of human thought. The correct statement seems so easy, so obvious, and yet it is always eluding us. We inherit the traditional doctrine: we can detect the oversights, the superstitions, the rash generalizations of the past ages. We know so well what we mean and yet we remain so curiously uncertain about the formulation of any detail of our knowledge. . . . We have to analyze and to abstract, and to understand the natural status of our abstractions.

* * *

A civilization which cannot burst through its current abstractions is doomed to sterility after a very limited period of progress.

THESE SENTENCES SHINE with the self-evidence that only genius can effect. And they are words spoken for our time. When Alfred North Whitehead died on December thirtieth he was in his eighty-seventh year; but it is barely twenty years since he wrote the books that made him first among metaphysicians. He was then teaching at Harvard, and I remember how he used to walk through the Yard: a little apple-cheeked man, his shoulders much bent, an umbrella often held across his back; his head down, but his bright eyes up. I cannot describe his face; I can only confirm Edmund Wilson's word that when you looked at him you felt that you were seeing a real face, in comparison with which all others looked like mere masks. The general impression given by Whitehead's presence, I should say, was one of vigor, kindness, and wisdom. Both his conversation and his writings showed a wonderful combination of urbanity and zest, like the tone of Plato's dialogues. He

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VICTOR LOWE's interest in philosophy came after he had been educated as an electrical engineer. He studied under Whitehead and has previously written both of him and of William James. He believes Whitehead the greatest of modern philosophers but is no disciple, judging Whitehead's philosophy not naturalistic enough and preferring to see it revised in that direction. He has taught philosophy at Syracuse and Ohio State, is now associate professor at the Johns Hopkins University.

loved to follow the minds of young people, and when you came to him to "have a chat" about his philosophy, the meeting always began with the eager question, "Tell me what you've been doing."

He was born into a family of schoolmasters and clergymen in the county of Kent. At Trinity College, Cambridge (Isaac Newton's college) he never heard a lecture on any subject other than mathematics, and for the next forty years he was a professional mathematician. Yet he early, and without benefit of professors, knew by heart much of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. The students of that day covered everything in their reading and conversation—philosophy, religion, poetry, history, politics. Alfred Whitehead belonged to a famous discussion club, originally started by Tennyson and his friends. And during most of his thirty years at the University of Cambridge he did a good deal of political speaking: he has remarked that he was often covered with rotten eggs and oranges.

At the close of the first World War he was one of the men who ran the huge University of London. Now, to his already published *Treatise on Universal Algebra* and the monumental *Principia Mathematica* (written in collaboration with his most brilliant pupil, Bertrand Russell) he added three books devoted to developing and applying a philosophical basis for relativity physics, and a volume of essays on education. These, and the known breadth of his mind, led to an invitation to teach philosophy at Harvard. So at the age of sixty-three he crossed the Atlantic and became professionally a philosopher. After thirteen years of extraordinarily successful teaching, he retired to spend the rest of his days in a small apartment near the Yard.

As a mathematician, Whitehead had not been trying to add to the superstructure of this science, so much as to find ideas broad enough to contain, as various instances, the concepts of arithmetic, geometry, and so on, which had been considered irreducibly basic. To Whitehead's mind, if not to Russell's, this sort of task is not so very different, except technically, from building a philosophical system. And throughout those forty years as a mathematician, in his conversations and reflections he had been touching on all the conditions involved in human existence. The exchange of a mathematical for a philosophical professorship was his opportunity to formulate the results.

So, in 1925, *Science and the Modern World* appeared. This book, a beautifully written historical criticism which contains the opening sketches

of Whitehead's metaphysics, is at once exciting and difficult. John Dewey was among the many reviewers who hailed it. Herbert Read called it the most important contribution to the joint field of science and philosophy since Descartes published his *Discourse on Method* in 1637. Though this remains his most influential book, *Process and Reality* (1929) is of greater permanent value, because it presents his system in full. The book is about as long as the *Critique of Pure Reason,* and quite as backbreaking. Pity the poor souls who, encouraged by an enjoyment of Jeans or Eddington, bought it in the expectation of being similarly entertained.

Early in 1933 Whitehead completed a kind of trilogy with a third stout volume, *Adventures of Ideas.* This, which I think was his own favorite, is probably the layman's best choice. It discusses many sides of human experience; as with Plato's *Republic,* it is almost impossible to specify the subject of the book as a whole. Perhaps we may say that its chief topic is the sort of history which general ideas about the human race and about the cosmos have had and can have in Western civilization. A restatement of the main thought of *Process and Reality* provides a basis for the unforgettable conclusion of *Adventures* in a brief but profound analysis of the qualities which are essential to civilized life: truth, beauty, art, adventure, and peace—not the peace of nations, but the peace of the soul.

"Philosophy" is a word that we in America use a good deal; but the philosophies we talk about are fragmentary creations limited by the word *of.* We have our favorite philosophies of education, of government, of this, of that; but the wide integrating system which shall embrace the whole show is not in the habit of our generation. We have made a virtue of the most provincial anthropomorphism, of the short-term consideration. Whitehead stands out because he was up to doing the big job.

> In putting out these results, four strong impressions dominate my mind: First, that the movement of historical, and philosophical, criticism of detached questions, which on the whole has dominated the last two centuries, has done its work, and requires to be supplemented by a more sustained effort of constructive thought. Secondly, that the true method of philosophical construction is to frame a scheme of ideas, the best that one can, and unflinchingly to explore the interpretation of experience in terms of that scheme. Thirdly, that all constructive thought, on the various special topics of scientific interest, is dominated by some such scheme, unacknowledged, but no less influential in guiding the imagination. The importance of philosophy lies in its sustained

effort to make such schemes explicit, and thereby capable of criticism and improvement.

There remains the final reflection, how shallow, puny and imperfect are efforts to sound the depths in the nature of things. In philosophical discussion, the merest hint of dogmatic certainty as to finality of statement is an exhibition of folly.

The main reason why it is hard to understand Whitehead is that we naturally suppose we already have in our conscious possession all the fundamental ideas which are applicable to human experience. The usages of language, as he says, enshrine the old patterns of thought, so that language has to be given a novel twist if a new idea is to be accurately expressed. A genuinely new philosophy is the hardest thing in the world to read. Complaints against Whitehead on this score have been legion. He has become the most quoted and the least accepted of twentieth-century thinkers.

His work is exciting because of the way in which he depicts reality; and because he depicts reality, not man alone. In this philosophy, the basic fact is everywhere some process of self-realization, which grows out of previous processes and itself adds a new pulse of individuality and a new value to the world. Nothing that exists is completely passive and inert. But Whitehead is not playing the old game of pushing "matter" out of the way in order to give the prime place to eternal spirit. He sides with Dewey against the orthodox tradition which set up some being at once infinite and changeless as the sole repository of reality and value. Reality and value lie only in emergent pulsations of individuality.

But can you construct a system of the world on this basis? The amazing thing is that Whitehead did just that.

II

He began with physical nature. Our current world-picture still reflects the science of Isaac Newton. Though the physicist knows better, the rest of us think of the universe as a shifting configuration of permanent things. We should think of it as a nexus of events or processes. Think of the existence of a mountain as a long process, and of an individual atom in the mountain as a connected series of vibratory processes. We used to picture matter as *there,* in a continuous existence and at any given instant, but now we cannot say that the atom exists in any less time than the vibration-period which is its unit of being. And of course "mass" no

longer means "permanent quantity of matter." It is, as Whitehead says, "the name for a quantity of energy considered in relation to some of its dynamical effects"; and energy "is merely the name for the quantitative aspect of a structure of happenings." When a particular structure persists throughout a connected series of events, we speak of an enduring material "thing"; when the pattern of activity changes drastically we say, there's an end of that thing. The property of permanence, relative permanence that is, belongs to the *form* of process; and it is by this form, within the larger patterns of its environment, that we distinguish one atom from another, and both from a mountain or a frog. Through the ages new types of pattern evolve, and in Whitehead's broad view there is none that may not be replaced by some other in the endless history of the universe.

As long as we thought in terms of things, it was natural to look upon the things that were *real* as those that were independent of their surroundings. In the Newtonian physics a massy particle had its location altered by the other particles in the universe, but not its essential nature. In the popular mind, Daddy Warbucks is a real man because he is self-sufficient and unchanging. Many philosophers have produced definitions of "reality" which merely glorify such independent existence. Language, with its separate words for separate things, strengthens this habit of thought. But the attitude becomes difficult once we shift our basic concept from things to process. Historical context is now emphasized; the primary constituents of every event are the threads which come to it from earlier events, and live anew in it.

Yet the process of nature is not sheer continuity. It is always atomized, quantized, into natural units of process. The threads converge and individuality appears in the rhythm of change. First we have the initiation of a quantic event by its environment, then the full emergence of that particular event, with its own distinctive character as a new synthesis of energies; and finally, as the world-process moves on to its next creation, that synthesis lapses, becomes mere material for the building of the future. Its sources and effects spread out to infinity; in its moment of life the event is just its own limited self, here and now, a unique, exclusive, individual fact.

If, with Whitehead, you turn from the physical world to consider the way in which your own immediate experiences occur, you will notice a similar rhythm of wide public origin, concentrated individuality, and

spreading public effect. Your experience now, though you may not consciously separate it from those that immediately precede and follow, still has a unity of its own. In its short life—what psychologists call "the specious present"—it arises as a synthesis of nerve-impulses, of the mental intentions of preceding moments of experience, of conscious and subconscious emotions and attitudes. All these factors have derived their substance from innumerable earlier processes inside and outside of you. Your present experience, as a whole, is another *process*—a synthesizing process of feeling this wide environment, that is, of bringing its factors to a new head, self-enclosed and privately enjoyed. Its formation completed, this "drop of experience"—William James's phrase, adopted by Whitehead—becomes a fact of history, part of the unalterable context of your future existence and mine; in short, a cause with observable effects. The end of its life is the beginning of its career. That is how we experience the irreversibility of time.

If these appear obvious generalities, so much the better. Philosophers have no private information here. Their business, if they would think concretely, is to describe the common texture of these drops of experience, which are the immediate realities of our life. This texture we all enjoy, but do not think about because it is always right under our noses. So its true description, once achieved, is bound to appear obvious. The *general* account is what is so hard to draw up. There is a constant temptation to take a part for the whole: your sharp consciousness of sensations and images, if you are introspective or literary; a succession of causal reactions, if you run to behavior-science.

"Pulse of experience" is in some ways a better metaphor than "drop," because we picture drops as *being formed,* whereas every experience is *itself* active. We entertain in our thought, and partly realize in our action, novel possibilities which cannot be absorbed from the environment because they do not exist there. This is not confined to men of genius. A capacity for the spontaneous introduction of new content is part of the structure of every experience. Otherwise the present would be only the sum of what was given it by the past, and any item, taken by itself, a mere re-enaction. Even when you are consciously entertaining no new idea and the environment seems to be supplying all the material for your experience, the question of exactly how this material, donated by the past, shall be absorbed and felt, what shall be neglected and what em-

phasized, is finally decided only by that nascent moment of existence. *That* unity of feeling never existed before. A pulse of existence does, in miniature, what a human being normally accomplishes in the course of his life: the world gives him his material, his many alternative potentialities, and of these he fashions *his* personality, which embodies the perspective and the feeling with which he now takes in the world. So does each pulse of experience unwittingly create its own final unity, complete its own perspective of the world. It brings into being a slightly, sometimes substantially, novel pattern of integrated feeling.

This is an aesthetic achievement. So beauty is, basically, the unconscious aim of each moment of our existence—beauty of some sort, that is, for there are many modes of beauty, not mutually consistent. The intrinsic value of each pulse of experience is a function of its inclusions; of the exclusions which are equally essential to achievement; of the internal qualitative contrasts, complexity, intensity, and breadth of the pattern of feeling. This is Whitehead's account of the essential value of sheer existence. Our discussions of human life are often based on the premise that "existence is good"; but we are so concerned with the fluctuations of fortune that we forget the perpetual aesthetic creation of each moment.

Finally, since, within limits imposed by the environment, every experience is self-creative, it is indirectly creative of the future. Directly, too, for every moment includes some anticipatory forward thrust, or purpose.

III

At this point our story is in danger of being permanently divided into a story of purposive, creative activity applicable to human experience but not to nature, and a story of external compulsions applicable to the things of nature but not completely to human experience. This separation has been the headache of philosophers for the last three centuries. If purposive activity does not occur in nonhuman nature, then the pragmatist does not solve the problem by viewing the science of nature as an instrument for effecting human purposes. He produces another man-glorifying dualism.

The older dualism, following the lead of Immanuel Kant, held that to the scientist every event, inanimate or human, is bound to appear mechanically caused in its entirety; yet the moralist is bound to think of right and wrong as freely done; and the two beliefs do not really conflict,

they are merely asserted from different points of view. We have all heard the problem of science versus religion solved in a similar way. Whitehead believed that this is a bogus solution. Our life is one life; you cannot parcel it out to thinkers sworn not to interfere with each other. Causality and freedom, like all fundamental contrasts, are in existence itself. You cannot reconcile them by distinguishing points of view, but only by finding a way to think them together.

This particular contrast is but one feature of the gap between inanimate nature and human experience. That is the gap the philosopher must bridge, and Whitehead faced the fact that this requires general concepts which apply to both extremes. The physicist's concepts of physical existence won't do the job, because they omit altogether the existence of experiences. On the other hand it would be fantastic to generalize, as metaphysicians so often have, from what is peculiar to man or only fitfully exhibited by him—from such traits as his consciousness, sense-perception, or thought. But every quantic event in the universe may at least be thought of as in itself a pulse of experience of a primitive sort, an individual feeling of and reaction to its environment; and this is Whitehead's bold hypothesis: here is his "pluralistic universe."[1]

Each of these pulses of experience occurs as an atom of process, integrative or convergent in shape. Causation, then, is the principle of transition from atoms of process achieved to an atom of process beginning, on which they impose their individual characters, just as your experiences of a second ago automatically become part of your present existence. And the internal principle, consciously or (in the great majority of cases) unconsciously operating in each atom of process, is its individual measure—slight or considerable—of self-creation, by which the process concludes in one way rather than another, and feels itself a new member of the universe. Causation means conditions, conditions imposed by the environment; but conditions do not unify themselves into a novel individual. Without the internal principle of self-creation, there would be no individual pulses of existence and no individual responsibility in our lives, but only a continuous flow of energy. There is no

[1]William James wrote a book with this phrase for its title, but he never said what the universe was a plurality *of*. The published and unpublished writings of his last five years, however, contain indications that he would have accepted Whitehead's hypothesis.

creation without creators, and every new actuality is here and now in some degree creative.

Whitehead did not put out a bare hypothesis, but a developed theory, the first of its kind. Into it he fitted the general concepts of physics: space-time, motion, causality, quantization, vibration, matter, energy flow, and energy transformation. His familiarity with natural science enabled him to follow the contours of nature, and to suggest how, within the framework of his hypothesis, we may distinguish molecules, stones, single living cells, trees, animals, and persons as different organizations—"societies," he calls them—of primitive or complex drops of experience. Five years ago an Australian zoologist, W. E. Agar, wrote *A Contribution to the Theory of the Living Organism*. This book is largely an application of Whitehead's principles.

If you do not like Whitehead's hypothesis, suppose you try to frame a better one. It is generally recognized that the entities conceived by physics are abstractions. What then *are* the more complete things from which the abstractions are made? Anybody can raise a cry about "the omissions of science," but Whitehead has offered an account of the totality.

Though every pulse of existence enjoys a certain autonomy, among inanimate things this, like many autonomies in human affairs, generally conforms to established patterns; and the flash of individual experience in each pulse is negligible for the science which is tracing a transmission of energy up to an observer in a laboratory. In Whitehead's system there is, I believe, no contradiction of any confirmed result of science. There is an addition to what science says.

Without this addition, we slip back into a dualist world, and man himself becomes divided. With it, a unity of interpretation comes in at the ground floor. I mean that man's union with organic nature is not just a scientific fact the reality of which no one could have felt before Darwin wrote; it is the basic fact of our existence, and it is perpetually evidenced by the feeling—"vague but insistent," as Whitehead liked to say—that our every experience derives from a natural world of "throbbing actualities" whose reality is of the same sort as our own.[2]

[2]We do not usually extend this feeling to such things as stones, but then a stone is not a true individual. The passive uniformity of its behavior, which alone our eyes are designed to perceive directly, is the result of an averaging-out process which masks the incessant activities of the individual atoms.

Our reluctance to admit that any beings other than ourselves and our animal pets have experiences is not entirely due to unimaginativeness. The elemental feeling of the living universe "begetting us" becomes submerged as the autonomous element in each pulse of experience rises to dominance: that pulse feels the creativeness of nature here and now as its own possession, and the wide universe comes to appear as a collection of things laid out in its immediate neighborhood for it to act upon. In the language of the existentialists, it calls itself "spirit," everything else "thing" or "object." This division is a real phenomenon of human consciousness, and it may take on a myriad fascinating forms. Fasten upon them, dismiss the universe, and you are ready to join this new anti-naturalistic school of which we hear so much.

Such popularity is the reward of narrowness. A new philosophy which is broad enough to reflect many facets of existence will have many enemies. How many people will go into a rage when they read of elemental feelings, "vague but insistent"! They cannot believe that what is clear in consciousness might be superficial in our existence; that what they are reading is anything but another mystical irrationalism designed to justify brutalities in action. And the scientist is likely to conclude that Whitehead's cosmology is an attempt to dictate principles to him. But that is today the special privilege of dialectical materialism; Whitehead did not desire it. Natural science remains, in his view, the systematic study of the causal connections between events. But Whitehead *has* made it possible for thinking man once more to enjoy his organic relationship with nature: to be a Wordsworthian—Wordsworth probably influenced Whitehead as much as any philosopher did, Plato excepted—or to respond to D. H. Lawrence's feeling for nature, without having to swallow that poet's antiscientific extravagances. Whitehead's offering is a frame of reference in which there is ample room for the scientist, the poet, and the natural man.

IV

Whitehead's metaphysics reconciles our beliefs that individuality, interdependence, and growth are fundamental ideas. The members of his pluralistic universe are organically connected by the fact that each is a growing together—a "concrescence"—of earlier ones into a new unity of existence. In *Process and Reality* Whitehead proposed principles governing every concrescence and a theory of the stages into which each

is analyzable. Anyone can put a halo around "growth"; this philosophy is a universal theory of growth-quanta as the cells of the universe. We find this amazing because we are used to the timid assumption that only mechanical movement and causal connections can be analyzed.

Whitehead makes his principles of growth and of dependent individuality perfectly universal. His system includes a concept of God; but even God is dependent on the individual processes of the world for the perpetual completion of his being. He is not self-sufficient, and they are as real as he. Nor is God omnipotent. Whitehead was convinced that the finer religious insight sees the divine agency in the universe as persuasive, not coercive; persuading by the attraction of the ideals, the new possibilities of value, which it offers to the finite individuals of the world as they, rising into being, choose just what they shall be, and thereby what they shall offer to the infinite future. In this way God, and the environment consisting of the totality of already completed finite processes, together make up the infinite background from which a new event emerges.

Upon its completion, this event becomes part of God's experience, thus acquiring a further unity with all the others that have ever been. They are now all included in an infinitely wide harmony of feeling which grows without fading. In this doctrine Whitehead thinks he is closer to F. H. Bradley than to any other philosopher. The doctrine reflects his acceptance of the religious intuition of a kingdom of heaven. Skeptics may reject it, while retaining Whitehead's conception of the rhythm of immanence and individuality in the temporal world.

For Whitehead, the temporal world itself involves more than process. While "the flux of things is one ultimate generalization around which we must weave our philosophical system," he also believes that "the alternative metaphysical doctrine, of reality devoid of process, would never have held the belief of great men, unless it expressed some fundamental aspect of our experience." Whitehead fashions his adjustment of this antithesis by interpreting the creativeness of individual processes as a desire to embody ideal patterns which are eternally ordered in God's experience, and which as patterns do not change. Thus "the things which are temporal arise by their participation in the things which are eternal." Without the latter, Whitehead thinks, definiteness and novelty in the temporal world would be inconceivable.

The contrasts with existentialism, and with the philosophy of John Dewey, are obvious. For good or for ill, the most gifted systematic philosopher of our time was born a Platonist—not the arrogant unimaginative kind who by God tell you what the eternal truths are, but the kind whose imaginations are widened by the thought of countless ideal patterns in the background of actual existence. Such men are Platonists out of humility; they cannot give themselves the whole credit for their creativeness, but must say that they have merely drawn on this boundless realm of ideality, merely *realized* a value.

Whitehead's Platonism did not in the least lessen, but enhanced, his keen appreciation of change, of novelty, of transient experience. His writings are full of such phrases as "the final good of immediate joy." And in his philosophy of education he naturally emphasized experimental activity and living in the present, which is "holy ground." Yet to Whitehead, "we learn by doing" was only half the truth. "Education," he said, "consists in the habitual vision of greatness." *Vision*—there you have the authentic Platonic note.

Whitehead thought of his metaphysics as a modern Platonism: the timeless forms of which Plato wrote are real, not invented. But Whitehead denied them that superior, self-sufficient reality which Plato usually gave them in contrast to changing things. The forms, though they are in themselves undated, still are only so many possibilities for realization in the flux of things—possible patterns of existence and possible ways of feeling the changing world. Even the propositions of mathematics are statements about possible forms of *process*. In Whitehead's philosophy the temporal and the eternal are both there; neither is "illusion," but neither is sufficient unto itself. Each, to achieve full reality, needs the other. Never did philosopher so interweave these opposites. In truth, this philosophy generalizes perfectly, in the terms of the European philosophical tradition, the attitude of that rarest of men—he whose feet are on the ground while his eyes are turned upward.

V

Whitehead's philosophizing was no mere intellectual game. In his view, every throb of existence has some value for itself, for others, and for the universe. Hence a morality founded on this metaphysics will enjoin respect for others—not (as in the Kantian and other idealistic philos-

ophies) only for other men because they are men and man is unique in being more than a natural animal, but for all beings, and precisely because they are all individuals in a reconceived natural world. Whitehead's philosophy generates a moral attitude toward nature, by teaching that there is nothing in the universe that is really and completely dead, mere material, with which we may do as our whims dictate. Vegetarianism and kindness to bacteria do not follow; but all destruction requires justification. Whitehead hated violence. Yet he was not a pacifist, for he believed that no absolute rule is adequate to the conduct of life.

Whitehead also gives us basic reasons for looking upon the problem of achievement, both individual and social, as a problem in the co-ordination of living values. The human soul, like every being, is a synthesizer.

> Its good resides in the realization of a strength of many feelings fortifying each other as they meet in the novel unity. Its evil lies in the clash of vivid feelings denying to each other their proper expansion. Its triviality lies in the anaesthesia by which evil is avoided. . . . Evil is the half-way house between perfection and triviality. It is the violence of strength against strength.

The problem of social life is to make possible a harmony of strong individuals. "The self-sufficing man, with his peculiar property which concerns no one else, is a concept without any validity for modern civilization. . . . It is not the practicable alternative to a slave society. The problem of social life is the problem of the co-ordination of [various grades of] activities, including the limits of such co-ordination."

Hegel and Marx were wrong; the conflicts of unco-ordinated opposites is a disaster. The conditions of synthesis, in every form of existence, are aesthetic contrast rather than dialectical antagonism. High achievement requires a "zest" (one of Whitehead's favorite words) for those contrasting novelties which enrich, and preservation of all that does not inhibit that zest.

Complete preservation is impossible. Since everything, as it comes into existence, aims at a synthesis of what has been with what may be, the present alters the trend of the past, upwards or (Whitehead was without illusions) downwards. The approach to sheer continuation is characteristic of sticks and stones: "The art of persistence is to be dead." Besides, every process, individual or social, in taking on its character rejects a multitude of other characters; in realizing its ideal, it is changing within a limited range of possibilities, and when these are exhausted

either staleness or transition to a new type of order, hitherto excluded, must set in. "The pure conservative is fighting against the essence of the Universe."

These are sensible, fundamental reasons for emphasizing the need to evolve novel structures of social activity. But they are not an apology for revolution. Structures, like everything else in this cosmology, are interdependent; none can exist save as part of a wider structure which sustains it. The notion that you can clear the ground and start again from scratch is a fantasy of the romantic mind. Development, not revolution, is the thing. And development has its optimum pace, which it takes a very wise statesman to find out. Of course wars are great upsetters of it. Whitehead once remarked to me that in England, during the war, social changes which would come to their best fruit if accomplished over a period of fifty years, had to be accomplished in five, rocking the social structure to its very bottom.

Whitehead's sympathies were with the moderate Laborites in England, with the New Deal in America. His gradualism was not a conservative's lip-service to the idea of progress. His point is rather that most of the people who are dissatisfied with the present have none of the patience which wisdom requires. But patience must go hand in hand with courage. Whitehead, writing in 1925, noted a pessimism which rose among the middle classes of the nineteenth century because of "a confusion between civilization and security. In the immediate future there will be less security than in the immediate past. . . . But, on the whole, the great ages have been unstable ages."

In particular, every new *idea* is a danger to the existing order. In contrast to the compulsion of what exists, the power of an idea is, in the first instance, persuasive. This is a special case, involving consciousness, of the functioning, in each pulse of existence, of "what may be." Behind it is the creative purposiveness which each pulse possesses in some degree. But, says Whitehead, any impartial survey of life on earth shows us that individual purposes tend to be anarchic. The *general* idea, capable of successive partial embodiments, introduces order into the persuasive element, and is the distinctively human agency in man's checkered progress. Here is a typical paragraph from *Adventures of Ideas* showing Whitehead's over-all judgment of this agency:

> The history of ideas is a history of mistakes. But through all mistakes it is also the history of the gradual purification of conduct. When there is progress in the development of favorable order, we find conduct protected from relapse into brutality by the increased agency of ideas consciously entertained. In this way Plato is justified in his saying, the creation of the world—that is to say, the world of civilized order—is the victory of persuasion over force.

Human experiences, however, are natural events, and their basis is emotional, not intellectual. Conscious thought, according to this philosophy, is a rare thing—the occasional flowering of experience, not its essence. Societies, too, are dominated by habitual modes of feeling, which are the basic facts for wise historians and statesmen. Whitehead has learned, as many thinkers have not, that man is only to a very slight degree a rational animal. But the possibility of rational guidance is there, and progress requires that it be exercised. Reason is no formal thing, but the occasional discipline, ardently to be desired, of life's ubiquitous purposiveness.

Usually this discipline is confined to a pragmatic interest in the control and reconstruction of some limited aspect of the environment so as to improve life in the immediate future. So do we study forestry, electronics, bacteriology. This kind of intelligence begins as shrewdness in observation and manipulation, and blossoms out into John Dewey's "Intelligence in the Modern World"—an experimental method appropriate to our practical interests.

The experimental sciences deserve our praise. But the history of human thought, and a glance at the morning paper, both confirm Whitehead's judgment:

> The man with a method good for purposes of his dominant interests, is a pathological case in respect to his wider judgment on the co-ordination of this method with a more complete experience. Priests and scientists, statesmen and men of business, philosophers and mathematicians, are all alike in this respect. . . . Some of the major disasters of mankind have been produced by the narrowness of men with a good methodology. Ulysses has no use for Plato, and the bones of his companions are strewn on many a reef and many an isle.

This is the justification of a wider type of reason, unlimited in its aim at generality: of the sort of thing Whitehead has done—"speculative philosophy."

VI

Critical appraisal of Whitehead's philosophy and its probable influence is no part of my purpose in this article. It is plain that much is sure to be wrong in every product of a human brain. Perhaps—to mention but one debatable point—Whitehead has balanced opposites too evenly, and is too close to Plato in his treatment of the idea of the eternal. He does repudiate many cherished doctrines of ancient and modern philosophy, especially in their negative aspects. But for all that, and for all the novelty of its results, his philosophy is historically a culmination of the European tradition, not the radical departure of an iconoclast. A great architect has worked some of the metaphysical ideas of Plato, and the modern emphases on "experience" and "process," into the subtlest, most spacious cosmology ever produced. It would be unfair to call this work eclectic, for its author redesigned every idea that he took over. I think that later centuries will look upon the Whiteheadian synthesis as the high-water mark of modern philosophy, comparable to the Aristotelian synthesis in the history of ancient thought.

And I suspect that they will get more out of Whitehead than the men of this century. The philosophies of change now prevalent are thin philosophies turgidly expressed. When we clarify our meanings, we tend to restrict them rather than to enlarge them. Like Aristotle, Whitehead seems likely to be followed by men too engrossed in stabilizing their lives to care to approach his breadth of thought.

Even so there is much, in addition to what I have already hinted at, that Whitehead's philosophy can do for us now. In religion it suggests a great purification of our ideas, as many writers have noticed. In social philosophy it can make us, like Whitehead himself, as consciously appreciative of our heritages as a man can be without suffering a trace of slavery to them. Whitehead asks us to realize that—as he somewhere says—a civilization in upward transition walks close to the borderline of chaos. And he nerves us to face this future by giving us an outlook which combines good sense and imaginative courage in their maximum compatible proportions. He also turns our thoughts toward the universe, which is well: man may not last much longer.

The greatest obstacle to the spread of Whitehead's philosophy is a positivistic philosophy of science. Thumping hard on the nearest laboratory table, the positivist condemns "the effort after the general character-

ization of the world around us" as *mere* "romance"; he defines knowledge as science, and science as simply an accurate report and correlation of sense-observations: that is our only knowledge, our only "reliable information." To Whitehead (who was not born yesterday) this notion of an accurate report, undefiled by any explanatory interpretation, was a sophisticated form of dogmatism. If it could be consistently held, it would be an antiscientific philosophy, for the importance of science does not lie in an orderly narrative of the sense-data thus far perceived by scientists. This worship of reliable information is the trivialization of science, the death of intellectual adventure.

Why is there so much hostility and indifference toward systematic philosophy? One reason is that practically all philosophers presented their schemes of thought as closed systems, and claimed to arrive in principle at a complete understanding of the world. These claims have been shown up, and so systematic philosophy has received a bad name: we condemn the arrogance of philosophers, with their neat, closed little systems, each sure of his truth and of the error of other philosophers.

Then to their dogma we oppose our pragma. This was William James's main line. Jacques Barzun and many others speak it today: we should look toward the future, not back to fixed principles. Certainly, but unless we try to think out an interrelation of ideas, a perspective, our gaze will be blind and our lives confused. We ought, rather, to think of each great philosopher as offering some perspective which we can use to make a closer approach toward complete understanding. Alfred North Whitehead looked upon all that he had written as a set of suggestions only. Their criticism and qualification must be the next step. As he said, "We must have systems, but we must keep our systems open." That was the final word in the philosophy of the wisest man of our period.

BOOKS

THE NOVEL AS ENTERTAINMENT

By NOLAN MILLER

World Without Visa. By Jean Malaquais. Doubleday. $3.75.
The Ides of March. By Thornton Wilder. Harper. $2.75.
Cry the Beloved Country. By Alan Paton. Scribner. $3.
The Chokeberry Tree. By Feike Feikema. Doubleday. $2.75.
The Locusts Have No King. By Dawn Powell. Scribner. $3.
My Uncle and Miss Elizabeth. By Robert Parrish. Beechhurst. $2.75.
The Inheritance. By Alan Seager. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.
That Winter. By Merle Miller. Sloan. $3.
Hills on the Highway. By David Goldknopf. Harper. $3.
A Long Fourth. By Peter Taylor. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
The Long Home. By Neil S. Boardman. Harper. $3.

I HAVE JUST READ Jean Malaquais' novel of Marseilles during the German occupation, *World Without Visa.* It is an impressive work, but it is a dull one. As a novel, it cannot be read with much pleasure. It is an inchoate picture of confusion and frustration; it swarms with characters, and its specific effect is one of serious intent without successful realization.

Now, important and serious as many novels on the publishers' spring list are, I don't feel I need to be too much on the defensive in recommending a few which have given me some honest reading pleasure. I am only surprised that the list is so thin.

Why is this? Can't there be books for every taste? Devotees of murder and mayhem tap a constant supply of gory fodder. The bosomy historical romances thrust forward sixteen ounces to the pound. "Culture" was never more popular. The best-seller lists indicate that reading "seriously" is a holy act, the easiest of all genuflections that are considered admirable social deportment. How explain the phenomenal sales of Thornton Wilder's *The Ides of March* and Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country*, both of knotty and difficult style? The success of Toynbee, even in digest form, would seem to indicate mass achievement in procuring those books that are safely "good." Culture-consciousness, even with the inflated dollar, is wonderful.

Reading for fun, however, seems to be suspect. Is it because the habit is discouraged in the schools? Except in the primary grades, is such motivation too apparently "unscientific"? Book reviewers, seldom daring, appear to be obsessed with value judgments that have been influenced, negatively or positively, by dust-jacket blurbs, which ebullitions are as often reviewed as the books themselves. There is evidence of what David Daiches labels the "Puritan attitude" among critics; writers are told what they "ought" to have felt; readers are instructed as to what their reactions should be when they read.

More often than is comfortable to contemplate, we are persuaded to read the "important," the nebulously timely. A successful novel is one requiring accuracy, above all, that imitation of glib verisimilitude characteristic of a column in *Time*. Naturalism is still ascendant; granted, we see much because of a skillful writer's fresh look; but if we can have fiction on any level—and the best-seller lists prove that we can—why not a few more examples of what Robert Riddell calls the "pure novel," works which attempt to be not of this world but of a world singularly their own? Why not more novels by writers who shape the substance of their experience with a technique which compels our own experience to become re-experienced, thus recreated?

Now, naively perhaps, what I have been looking for, and have enjoyed when I found it, is little more than that which should be inherent in any work of fiction, that which we accept in all innocence, what E. M. Forster calls the "made-up" thing. It is the imagination of the writer which, finally, convinces us, not writing which, even when most adroit, catches little more than a plate behind the open shutter of a camera. Facts are facts, but in successful fiction facts alone cannot wholly satisfy.

I don't have to evoke Jane Austen, Faulkner, or Proust, but much of what is their quality is still too rare in the glut of current fiction. Nothing recently published, for instance, quite matches what I liked best last year, such a novel as the delightful *The Moonlight* (Harper) by Joyce Cary, or *A View of the Harbour* (Knopf) by Elizabeth Taylor, a slighter, but equally charming and original work.

Briefly, Cary's novel is a graceful variation of the more commonly stolid narration of a family history; the pace is silky, the technique quite his own. His southern England background is the same as Hardy's, though he finds more sunlight and fun. His characters, an aunt and her

many nieces, webbed intricately in family hubbub, are so animated that, puppet-like as they are, they become miraculously alive. Here is magic, and Cary is the magician. A student of novel techniques can learn everything; yet the writing itself is plain, there is little surprise of style. Cary's achievement is all the more remarkable in that he makes the machinery of the usual chronicle-scandal-clash-of-personalities kind of novel seem noisy and cumbersome. Mrs. Taylor likewise manages her seaside piece wryly and gently, and it's all as English as cockles. Her characters are likeable without being charming in the more odious sense; her touch is light, but beneath the surface are acute observations of people who, if fundamentally dull and perversely cantankerous, are not embalmed in a book usually three times as long, six times as stuffy.

The Chokeberry Tree, published this spring, is Feike Feikema's fourth novel and somewhat different from the rather chuggy, sober epics he has attempted before. He has found gloom aplenty in his Sioux-land, a territory that is pretty much his own; but here he writes of Elof Lofbloom, a "little fellow" who returns home to his father's crossroads store after failure in college. His touch is almost gay. There is a kind of Tom Sawyer flavor that is wholesome without being too bucolic to be borne. We'll keep running into the Elofs of this world often, and perhaps there is little new to say about them, as little as Feikema finds to narrate of Elof's search for wife and job and security. But his country town ball games and hearty hired-hand meals, his boy-girl jaloppy rides down country roads when the stars burn low are fine. They always will be. Elof keeps his special dignity; he dreams his dream, though never granted it. The prose is too rugged to permit sogginess. Elof is a successful creature of fiction, larger than his type because all the less typical. Because of Elof, you need little persuasion to believe people are rich and singular, and valuable.

Feikema is fond of uncommon words—those that dictionaries list as obsolete or dialect. Often he tries a little too hard to catch the rare, thus, for him, the "literary" tag. But the flavor of uncommon words I think belongs to the world that Feikema creates for us. We don't often "see" country as we hurtle through it, but with Feikema we have an opportunity to hear it. He knows his section of Iowa and the Frisians who are his immediate ancestors. Feikema grows with every book, and with this new book he is at his best to date.

Until I read *The Locusts Have No King* I was of the many who had neglected Dawn Powell's nine other novels. If they are all as good as this one, the neglect is stupid. With few reservations, this is the wittiest lancing of fake people since Anne Parrish's *All Kneeling*. The women characters remind me of those minked harpies in Clare Boothe's *The Women* and the "lit'ry" ladies so delicately revealed in Isabel's Bolton's good novel, *Do I Wake or Sleep*.

With kangaroo punches, Miss Powell knocks the polychrome off as sorry a set of ad men, intellectuals, career women, publishers, and culture-lovers as ever climbed the rough road between Parnassus and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. A shaky love affair concerns Lyle Gaynor, a successful woman playwright, and Olliver, a distinguished gentleman scholar whose output has seldom bulked more than the little magazines and the remainder counters. Drawn from his study by the relentless yammering of Mammon—aided by a blonde anteater, by name, Dodo—to a job as the editor of a magazine that prints comic strips, Olliver is as incredible a lover as he is a deep-thinker with a New Look. But Miss Powell had to have a center, and the merry-go-round that pounds about Olliver and his loves with their itching neuroses is continuous and hilarious. Her nails sunk in the fame-loving and the career-chasing, Miss Powell yowls her cattiest. How she hates these people, and how she loves to hate them, and how you love to hate them with her. There they all are, as if a census had been taken of the Ritz Grill at noon. Their sudden demise in a holocaust would end publishing and network programs as we now know them.

Humor saves us all, and it saves Miss Powell's book. It is sadistic, but satisfying, this airing of the Manhattan purgatory. Still, her viciousness is kindly, even commiserating. Like a surgeon with the most efficient of electric saws, the bone structure is sacred; satire is tricky and she never lets it get out of hand. The dialogue is nothing so much as a candid microphone suspended in the best bars and bedrooms available; the narrative pace is as quick and purposeful as the trudge of bargain hunters in the aisles of Macy's.

Actually, Miss Powell slaps at, seldom slaps down, bruises, but does not maim. When awkward, her situations may seem a little contrived; often, when only poking fun, she slides into burlesque. The weakness of her material often cannot stand the weight of her obfuscated female dead-

liness. Her picture of a dollar-chasing publisher's office rings false with capital letters, placards that exhort the help to "THINK," and other Sinclair Lewis-like gim-crackery. Having too good a time, she gets wild, but you can go along with her, and it's something you'll never get in the movies.

My Uncle and Miss Elizabeth is Robert Parrish's first novel. If the weeping and wailing, the hue and cry, has died down sufficiently since Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms,* I'd like to brush off the palm and give it to Mr. Parrish. He has written a most unusual novel; he is a writer with a fresh talent, unlike anyone I think we have had since Nathaniel West. Of West I am most reminded, though Mr. Parrish admits to Proust and Henry James and Sterne. (He admits, perhaps, too much.) Proust, in fact, is a little too evident.

The dead-pan style, the absence of startling event in this novel is of itself unique. Its principal scene is an antique apartment in Chicago; Uncle is the dullest of men, a fiend for exercise and going to bed early, and he is very, very funny. I don't need to tell you where to laugh; you just laugh—and oddly wonder why you are amused. We have had, in the pages of *The New Yorker,* too much of this sort of thing—the "I remember Uncle" story with the whimsical, quaint and slightly risqué touch. Mr. Parrish's novel is like this, and it is not like it at all. It becomes, all of it, the comings and goings, the notes left on the kitchen table, the putting on and taking off of spectacles (the narrator is nearsighted), the unstudied and unadorned little essays about memory and reality, the absurd conversations, the one-sided dialogues that Uncle pursues with the canary and on the telephone, an abstraction, characteristically cool and floating and fully realized, if nevertheless unreal, like a still-life by Braque. (Mr. Parrish admits to Braque, too.) It is, simply, the most unusual novel you can still buy at a bookstore.

Several other novels I have read with some interest, if with less affection. Alan Seager's *The Inheritance* is a puzzling, well-written, but disquieting work which caused me wonder—why so much talent was siphoned off to treat so negligible a theme. Mr. Seager's first novel, the much-praised *Equinox,* was a case history involving incest. Mr. Seager is allured by strong subject-matter, though the theme here is a little tame, presuming as it does that its hero, Walter Phelps, has a father-fixation merely because he was present when Phelps, Sr., licked a hot-tempered

neighbor. Walter's father was a man much hated and despised by the people of the small Michigan town in which young Walter grew to manhood, where, in an attempt to take his father's place as a businessman and citizen, he dismally fails. Walter cannot take his father's place, it is apparent, unless he can be hated as his father was—and Walter finds hate, not love, the usual quest, easy to secure. The road to ruin is swift, as it is pathetically inevitable. We discern the inevitability though we never feel the pathos.

The novel fails, I think, because its motivation is too mechanically presumptive. We have disclosures of causes after too many inexplicable effects; the final chapter, indeed, seems to have been written as an afterthought, supplied because the author was not too sure that he had made his point. He hasn't, and the last chapter doesn't, and all falls in a heap. Individual scenes are excellent, but the sum of the parts is zero. And we have only pieces of characters, finally. We learn too much about too little. Above all, we have no sure feelings about Walter except those of disgust and nausea. A sudden accident in the street may draw our attention, but curiosity without sympathy or understanding makes us feel cheap. This is, actually, the tasteless attraction of Seager's novel. Did he have to tell us what he did in the way he has? With that doubt, shock-effects wear thin. Belief gives way to disbelief, which is fatal.

The trumpets began blowing for Merle Miller's *That Winter* long before the book was published and judgment could be passed. I found the novel slickly readable but gilded and thin. If this is *The Sun Also Rises* of our recent postwar generation, then bull fights and fiestas were never so good. Liquor and sex mark the spot where we came in. Miller's three ex-soldiers are any three men; the steady preoccupation with alcoholism and anti-Semitism just happens to be the best-seller formula; the result is a book as brightly lit as a Christmas tree—and as rootless. Even such a novel as David Goldknopf's more recent *Hills on the Highway,* amateurish and awkward, is better because it is more honest. Goldknopf at least begins where Miller leaves off. His hero is struggling to become a writer. He, and the other ex-G.I. characters, face their problems squarely before lunging into defeat. The writer sells a story to a big-paying magazine (Goldknopf faces this with unreasonable horror); the wife, economically aloof, sticks to art with a capital A; the veteran with the maimed feet rejects suicide, but tardily, and loses his legs under a train.

Goldknopf does not attempt too much, and for that reason what he attempts succeeds fairly well.

Robert Gibbon's second novel, *The Patchwork Time* (Knopf, $3), though riddled with Joycean tricks that contribute little to the work as a whole, writes of a South that seems fresh, of people who are of the middle class, are the quite ordinary people of Southern small towns who have been ignored by Faulkner and Caldwell. Except for Peter Taylor in his short stories, *A Long Fourth,* few other writers are giving us an honest portrait of these people. They make up a class we ought to understand better. Taylor's stories are excellent, and his book is the best collection of the season.

The Long Home by Neil S. Boardman is a novel which perhaps will attract few readers. The writing seems unsure, oblique; the scenes float by, the incidents related never seem to catch full attention. However, Boardman does record, in spite of his rather romantic preoccupation with radical groups in Minneapolis in the '20's (certainly a minority at the time), something of the period's atmosphere. It is Fitzgerald's Jazz Age types removed from their country clubs and plushy hotels. As with many first novels, here there is more of promise than of achievement.

* * *

HART CRANE

It goes without saying that poetry is a dimension no one concerned for the American spirit can well ignore; and if some literate people apparently do, it is not always for lack of interest. One of the tragic intellectual difficulties of our time has been the wall separating readers and poets. I am not suggesting that the times which spawned Keats were necessarily more *receptive* to poetry than our own. I am asking what those who *desire* poetry, and those who have it to offer, have in common. Too often critics have stepped between them who claim to have the last word in aesthetic comprehension, but whose authority is as obscure as any asserted by Kafka's mysterious emissaries, and whose method has, at its worst, been reminiscent of Mascarille's in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. The poets, too, have been nonco-operative and ridiculous on occasion. Why are we so readily buffaloed by them? It is almost, at times, as though we expected poets to be incomprehensible to us; as though (in some cases) we did not expect them to write anything that really moves us; as though (in others) we had no argument against their feelings of hopelessness, nihilism, confusion, cynicism, and the rest.

Hart Crane is peculiarly interesting in the above connection because of the respect in which he has been held by a wide variety of critics, despite the fact that too little illumination has been shed upon what he was saying, or trying to say. Was Crane a great poet? There is neither space nor occasion here to consider that question properly. What can be plainly said is that he offers a substantial core (more so than some of his friends) about which one can build revealing ideas about what America has recently become. What *is* Crane writing about? How did he acquire his tragic personality? What is the meaning of his poetic method and aims? To ask such questions is not to substitute sociology for appreciation; it is to attempt to add relevance to poetry and to give the authentic poet a home. There has, without doubt, been a "cult of unintelligibility" which has served only snobs and incompetents, and which cries aloud to be hooted and denounced. Whether, and how much, Crane contributed to this cult is, again, a question which is not answered by being ignored.

Crane has been fortunate in his major interpreters. Their efforts in his behalf speak well for him. Philip Horton's *Hart Crane* (1937) told with care and restraint the story of this child of "sundered parentage." Horton made no attempt to palliate or ignore Crane's notorious defects; yet the Crane who emerged from his biography was one whose basic sincerity and poetic gifts were self-evident, one who was driven by needs and compulsions which reflected personal eccentricities and weaknesses, but reflected upon his time as well.

Crane's latest spokesman[1] writes from deep knowledge and interest—that is, so far as Crane himself goes. He presents new facts about his life, a wealth of uncollected material which adds length and breadth to understanding, and a fresh interpretation of Crane's entire life-cycle and achievement. His explanations go far to bring Crane's intentions into relief, and to clarify passages in his poems which the reader lacking private information would find it practically impossible to grasp. Mr. Brom Weber denies that such explanations are really necessary, and reproves Crane for his own numerous attempts to explain himself. Yet read, for example, Crane's letter to Harriet Monroe on the meaning of "At Melville's Tomb." It *does* provide something of a path to the poem. Indeed, much of Mr. Weber's book is concerned with *his* own interpretations of Crane's work.

The limitations of this volume, as of Horton's, is not in what it tells, but in what it does not tell or trouble to learn about. Take Mr. Weber's interesting thesis about Crane's most famous poem. *The Bridge,* it will be recalled—Brooklyn Bridge —was conceived as a symbol of what America had been and could become. Mr. Weber holds Crane's supposedly "positive" approach to be very tenuous. Crane had no genuine faith in the American dream, such as it was, sponsored by his friends, and in particular Waldo Frank, who made a patron saint of Whitman. Crane's approach was, in fact, tragic and negative.

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[1]Brom Weber, *Hart Crane: a Biographical and Critical Study*. The Bodley Press, 1948. $4.50.

Mr. Weber embarks upon exceedingly dubious speculations about what Crane meant to do, and should have attempted to do; but the meaning of Crane's approach to America, not to mention that of others—Frank, Allan Tate, Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, for instance—to which it is related, remains cloudy or uninvestigated. What was the connection, if any, between Crane's admiration for Whitman, and for Rimbaud? Did the "negative" aspects of Crane's verse have any relationship to its quality? How does his work compare, for quality, with that of, say, Lindsay, Sandburg, Robinson, and Whitman himself? Mr. Weber, in almost 380 pages, and 60 more of appendix, does not concern himself with such questions. Since he avoids the human equation of the poet's fundamental relationship to his general environment, which should involve a clear and persuasive judgment of that environment, past and present, I wonder whether he can.

The problem of Hart Crane deserves further, and broader, treatment. To relegate it to "poetry," to take the word of its certified critics, is to compound whatever errors have been committed in the name of American culture. If Crane is, indeed, as Mr. Weber believes, "unquestionably [*sic*] the major poetic talent of twentieth-century America," it is absurd to wait for the centuries to make him available to his countrymen. Let his poems do their work. If, on the other hand, he is less than that —merely, perhaps, one of the more talented experimenters who (as the phrase went) died to make verse free—then the sooner the fact is understood, the better. In any event, it is desirable that the atmosphere of esoteric appreciation and lip-worship be cleared, and that those who presume to speak for poetry speak to us all.

L. F.

* * *

ON THE MEANING OF MORRIS R. COHEN

Many of the great virtues of the person and teacher, Morris R. Cohen, are focused in *The Meaning of Human History*.[1] Not least characteristic is the fact that before the end of his life he dared to bring his own views to the test of the bloody battleground of the philosophy of history. Not least important of his virtues, for us today, is his insistent and persistent loyalty to the liberal spirit.

This loyalty is revealed in start nakedness in *The Meaning of Human History*. For here the philosophy of Morris Cohen loses the battle, but the philosopher Cohen carries on to moral victory. Truth, he assures us, "even though for a time crushed to earth, rises again" (p. 296). It is the philosophy of Cohen which permits such inanities. But back of the philosophical popguns sputtering such conclusions can be heard the roar of the guns of a human spirit which says, Truth crushed to earth or

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[1]The Paul Carus Lectures, Sixth Series (La Salle, Ill.: Open Court Publishing Co., 1947, 296 pp. and name index. $4).

no, the human spirit must continue its endless war against the illiberal forces and liberal timidities which threaten to crush and betray men themselves.

The tragedy of Cohen's philosophical view lodges in the paradox that his love for reason as the highest human achievement kept him from conceiving of reason in such a way as to help make it an effective force against the growing unreason of our chaotic times. He sometimes reaches the conception of natural and social events as relative affairs (p. 97). But clinging to an absolutist concept of reason he failed to lend his help to the serious cause of constructing a dependable relativistic concept of truth. Recognizing, at times at least (p. 101), that practice imposes requirements on our beliefs, he refused to allow practice a place (and hence the possibility of a critical and constructive place) in the justification of belief. Thus he fails even to take account of Dewey's operational logic of science and value in his own useless distinction between "abstractive and hypothetical" procedures in science (p. 251).

Within the space limitations of this review I can only suggest dogmatically a few places where these deficiencies show up. He assumes (p. 254) that the meaning of *hypothesis* in the thinking of Cardinal Bellarmine, when he advised Galileo to treat the Copernican theory as a hypothesis, is the same as the meaning involved in *hypotheses* as they function in experimental inquiry. Thus he misses entirely the basic methodological issue involved in the famous historical controversy. Again in his concern to debunk antiliberal racist theories, he falls into the very moralistic fallacy he elsewhere castigates of an oversimplified reading of the causes of prejudice (p. 180). Yet we know that he would be the first to acknowledge that we cannot get rid of specific human evils by misjudging their causes.

The author's sincere concern for men leads him to insist on the reality of moral truth (p. 129). The meaning of history itself is an affair of ethics (Ch. 10), and history cannot be studied significantly without a discriminating moral (not a "moralistic") concern for problems of today. Material in chapters on the historian's task, metaphysics, importance and possibility, causation and purpose, geographical and biological factors, are used dexterously to demolish traditional antiliberal historical positions. These include the amoral approaches of both supernaturalists (e.g., Berdayev) and naturalists (e.g., Communists); monistic determinism whether racial or economic; and fatalistic views which range from optimistic theories of inevitable progress to pessimistic theories of inevitable degradation and which include the intermediate cyclic theories of Nietzsche and Spengler.

The same concern for man leads the author to insist further that men must elevate themselves by understanding themselves as parts of their natural and social environment, not by magical appeals to supernatural intervention or destiny. Mankind may not win the victory, but Cohen insists that there are alternatives to views which condemn men to refuse to use what powers they have. There was no "failure of nerve" in Morris R. Cohen.

It would be a pleasure to be able to say as much for his positive philosophical ideas. But *The Meaning of Human History* simply fails to suggest the way to a comprehensive program for today. If this limitation is inherent in historical studies, it is not inherent in all philosophical approaches. Yet as far as I can see, Cohen's positive philosophical ideas cannot help us find new ways of hitching human aspiration and the sensitive discrimination of novel meanings in experience to verifiable knowledge in such a way as to expand the latter for the enrichment and more adequate control of life. His blind faith in reason, it seems to me, kept him from seeing that reason itself, in the light of modern biology and anthropology, requires as a part of itself a faith in men's potentialities. One would expect, for example, that the meaning of history would have something to do with the struggle of some modern artists to find forms which are constructively relevant to cultural conditions today. There is no evidence of such findings by Professor Cohen, and he would think heretical (and would fail to understand) a logical theory which claims that art must have some say in general scientific conclusions. Morris Cohen doubtless had faith in human potentialities, but he refused to allow it to mix discriminatingly with the object of his loyal love. The humanist philosopher failed to achieve a humanistic philosophy.

HORACE S. FRIES

WE NOTE . . .

THE CONSEQUENCES OF SOME IDEAS

This is not a review of Richard Weaver's notorious *Ideas Have Consequences*. The reviews have by now been many, and the reviewers have been neatly divided—those who have been baptized on Chicago's Midway and the gentiles. This is not a review, simply a violent reaction to what can only be called a pompous fraud. And if the reaction seems extravagant, Mr. Weaver's pretentious style—combining the most obnoxious features of Milton Mayer and Mortimer Adler—must be held responsible. He is at least successful in provoking violent reactions.

For the innocent reader who may not be familiar with what, despite its air of professional piety, is essentially an evil book (the University of Chicago Press must have a special endowment to promote perversity: Weaver follows Hans Morgenthau who follows Hayek, and, not to mention a number of other links, the chain of reaction begins to get conspicuous), one may itemize some of Mr. Weaver's likes and dislikes. This is really a fairer introduction than an outline of his argument, which is: The Western world is through. The Reason is Disbelief in Eternal Truth. The Solution is Belief in Eternal Truth. But the things Mr. Weaver likes (those going in the direction of Eternal Truth) and dislikes (those going the other way) are more suggestive.

A. He dislikes: music since Mozart, but especially jazz; all literature since, say, Alexander Pope—except, of course, the neo-Papists; about all postmedieval art; labor unions; semantics; bureaucrats; the French Revolution—oh, all revolutions; the nineteenth and, above all, the twentieth century; feminism; liberal democracy — communism and fascism are to be preferred since they are at least realistic and not sentimental; state universities; science; indoor plumbing. In other words, materialism, relativism, pragmatism, and positivism.

B. He likes Plato; the Middle Ages; caste, hierarchy, and the Southern Gentleman; Santayana; heroes; hardness; fertile women—good breeders; New England farmers; Dante; Edmund Burke; Aquinas; authority; private property; religious faith; *universalia ante rem;* the rural life—well, at least suburban. Namely, idealism, transcendentalism, and metaphysics.

But a man's likes and dislikes are not in themselves fraudulent. We can be tolerant about taste — not that Mr. Weaver is. Nor do strange bedfellows necessarily indicate fraud. Mr. Weaver finds himself revolving around that strange new axis linking Chicago's Midway with the Chicago *Tribune;* he sounds sometimes like an unholy combination of T. S. Eliot, a pseudo-Plato, and Curly Brooks. Yet an undigested mixture of Southern Agrarianism, reconditioned literary humanism, and the new evangelism of Chancellor Hutchins is more constipating than deceiving.

Finally, there is little of fraud in his strictures on contemporary life, on the barbarism and vulgarity of radio, cinema, and press, on the hideousness of war and misapplied technology. Here

Mr. Weaver is just being sophomoric. He wants to make our flesh creep. He recites commonplaces, apparently on the assumption that people can still get a reputation by being against Sin. The only other assumption which can lie behind the chamber of horrors he presents in his opening chapters is that his enemy, i.e., the believer in scientific method, is in favor of barbarism and vulgarity or doesn't recognize them when he sees them. And certainly Mr. Weaver can be neither so flagrantly naive nor dishonest.

Why, then, is the book a pompous fraud? To start on a minor key and with only a small, venial deceit in mind, we can turn to the promised "solution" which the author dangles before our noses. For he writes, apparently in all seriousness, that "the remaining chapters therefore present means of restoration" (p. 129) and "I shall proceed to outline the task of healing" *(ibid.)*. Here is the restoration and the healing (no fooling—if you don't believe it, read Chapters VII, VIII, and IX): (a) sanctifying the right of private property, (b) the study of Greek and Latin and "Socratic dialectic," and (c) a piety for the past.

Of course, in a way this is unfair. Since we have not yet mentioned the *cause* of all the ills the West is heir to. That cause is the substitution of nominalism for Platonic realism, i.e., that abstract concepts like Justice and Man came to be regarded as names rather than as existential entities subsisting in some absolute heaven. Indeed, according to Mr. Weaver, we misunderstand the essentially serious business involved in determining how many angels could stand on the point of a pin; the failure to take it seriously, he insists, was prognostic of the decline of the West.

Thus, if the cause of collapse is so simple, well, the remedy can be just as simple. Perhaps, then, our writer is consistent. Especially since he proposes (p. 123) "that the most promising bid for peace would be for the two great rivals to dispatch, each to the other, their ablest philosophers." (Since "philosophers," by Mr. Weaver's definition, must be absolutists, Platonists, and true-blood metaphysicians, presumably we should dispatch Mr. Weaver himself, or one of his pals down the hall—or even Paul Weiss of Yale or John Wild of Harvard.) But Mr. Weaver admits that this suggestion might seem whimsical. So, maybe the whole book is engaged in pulling our leg, a welcome hoax indicating a sense of humor being restored at Chicago. This would be a salubrious and nonfraudulent explanation of the amazing letdown inspired in his reader by Mr. Weaver's explanation of the rise and fall of the Western world.

But this, I'm afraid, won't do. The author is too precocious a young man to be funny.

In any event, the indications of a fraud which is far from venial are twofold. The first is a patently deliberate refusal to tell us what key terms like Knowledge, Truth, Ideals, and Right are. That they are absolute and transcendental, we are left in no doubt. Perhaps *we* are the ones to blame because no bulb glows red when august terms like these are thrown at us. Modern man is a "moral idiot," we are told, and can never understand what is "truly right." He doesn't even know what values are. Mr. Weaver does. But he is coy. Outside of telling us that knowledge is of universals and that right is absolute and transcendental, he, like Plato, will refuse to write down

his esoteric doctrine. He will simply repeat that magic word "metaphysics" which has all the charm of "Mesopotamia." But the esoteric doctrine of Mr. Weaver is being whispered around the Midway by his friends. It goes something like this: Metaphysics, or the absolute truths of philosophy, must be set above science; and theology, the revealed truth of religion, must be set above all. That revealed truth was the property of Thomism. And this is what, perforce, we must teach. Nonsense and obscurantism this may be, but it is not open fraud.

"Fraud" may seem a strong word—even if it is intellectual rather than legal. But when a contemporary writer on ideas, talking of epistemology, shrugs off with not a mention the patient and painstaking efforts of scientists and philosophers to tell us precisely what they mean by knowledge, what tests a "true" idea must meet, what are the possibilities and limitations of scientific knowledge—he is ignorant or intends to deceive. Mr. Weaver would never admit the former. Instead of examining the meaning of a scientific approach to human knowledge, he keeps repeating: The real world is not the one science talks about. It is another. It is Metaphysical. His formula is the old one, well tested in journalism as in philosophy: say a thing three times and it's true.

The second serious deceit may perhaps be pardonable, since it is always effective in polemics, and can only be rebutted by a *tu quoque*. This is to play the martyr. For four hundred years, laments Mr. Weaver, "we" have been in retreat. (You will remember the *cause* of the retreat—no one took universals seriously any more.) No, we cannot permit Mr. Weaver to be a martyr. His ideas are in the saddle now, as they always have been. He has with him all the religions of the world, for example. But that's not really the point. He will understand that the very development of science itself (and, as Mr. Weaver admits, it is *only* four hundred years old, just yesterday in human history, with ages of transcendentalism behind it) has taken place against an ideological background dominated by the Greek and Christian metaphysics which this book celebrates. Even in the four centuries of its spotty growth science has had to fight at every turn the intellectual hang-overs inherited from the millennia of absolutism Mr. Weaver is so eager to restore. Why, science itself has developed a notorious inferiority complex because of its background, so that even now most reputable scientists will concede all he wants, i.e., that science deals only with means and techniques, but that something else, say, philosophy must handle ends and values. This is timid and inconsistent, but a clear sign that the ideas Mr. Weaver cherishes have already produced pathetic consequences.

All of Mr. Weaver's confreres seem to make one assumption: modern culture is indeed ruled by science, by the genuine practice of scientific methods in all fields and by an emotional commitment to them. To recite this assumption is to refute it; yet without it the position of the antinaturalist becomes ludicrous. To act as if scientific humanism has had a long opportunity to practice, and a long record of failure to show for it, and that it must now be supplanted by something else is to misread history disastrously and dishonestly. If any blame is to be laid at the door of human failure to understand the world and to adjust to it, if

responsibility is to be fixed for man's inhumanity to man, transcendentalism must be held as guilty as anything else. Certainly it has had a longer period to demonstrate its supposed competence and to practice its exorcisms and exhortations. For it to accuse a scientific naturalism which is barely getting under way for not yet having made man a god is impertinence.

This has nothing to do with the ideas of "progress" which Mr. Weaver so egregiously attributes to his straw men. Man may never solve his problems and he may well blast himself soon into oblivion. But if he is going to solve his problems he is going to solve them by a critical and reflective intelligence that derives far more from scientific method than from Platonic metaphysics. He can run away from his problems by questing for certainty and postulating a fairyland of absolute essences. It is what Mr. Weaver does. Whatever euphemisms may be used, this is surrender and nerve-failure of a peculiarly indefensible kind. Yes, ideas have consequences—that's the hell of it.

G. R. G.

THE READER WRITES

THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE

Dear Sir:

To a very large extent, Michael O'Hearn gave an accurate picture in his article, "'Crisis' At Lake Success." To the extent that he did not I fear that he has unwittingly contributed to the belief held by a great many Americans; namely, that a very large portion of the nation's press is in a static mold.

Mr. O'Hearn obviously is depressed by what he sees as the shortcomings of the press—and by the press I mean the majority of the country's metropolitan newspapers. I am no ardent defender of the press's sins of commission and omission. But nevertheless Mr. O'Hearn and I do not quite see eye to eye.

I cannot agree, for instance, with his statement that "newspapers will continue writing and printing news in the way they now write and print it as long as they sell newspapers." At the risk of being rude, I am tempted to say that Mr. O'Hearn wrote an extremely careless sentence. If he did not, he may not have studied newspapers very well.

I suggest a study of newspaper files—to look over the newspapers of 1908 and 1918 and 1928 and 1938. Even the layman studying these files would be impressed with the steady growth of American newspapers in competence, in breadth, in depth of coverage, and in sincerity of purpose.

The emphasis has slowly changed from the old police-court, sob-sister formula of reporting and writing news to an era of public affairs reporting, of a rather responsible attention to cultural affairs, to science, to labor, and to human welfare matters.

Certainly the American metropolitan newspaper is far from being perfect. There are some which are not even worthy of the designation. Fortunately, however, these are now a minority. There are some large cities which do not have a responsible press. But my point is that there are more good newspapers today than at any other time in our history and I believe the list grows steadily. There has never been—and never will be, I hope—the perfect newspaper. When we cease striving for perfection the race will have been run.

Mr. O'Hearn's major point is that the American newspapers do not have a deep enough interest in the affairs of the United Nations. I have the feeling, however, that he has somehow turned the problem around. His feeling seems to be that the newspapers have kept the information away from the readers.

I happen to believe the reverse is true. I believe that most newspaper editors have given their readers more UN news than their readers have wanted—and not less.

Like most newspaper editors, I read the results of reader polls everywhere. There have been hundreds made and I am frank to confess that many of these polls have depressed newspapermen.

For these polls, wherever made and under whatever conditions, tend to keep showing the same things: The overwhelming majority of newspaper readers, according to these polls, want, first, local news; second, comic strips and other forms of reading entertainment; third, pictures. Any Hollywood story with a photograph will draw more attention on Page 35 than will a Page 1 story of a highly important development at Lake Success. I am sorry about it—perhaps sorrier than Mr. O'Hearn—but those are the facts of newspaper life.

I know that the tendency is to ask why newspapers even attempt, then, to give such sweeping coverage. The answer is that in spite of what the polls show there are responsible people everywhere who are interested in the more fundamental objectives of life.

I do not object to Mr. O'Hearn's criticism. I think it a valid one. But I repeat that I believe he has done an inadvertent injustice to a great section of American journalism. I have a wide acquaintance in the profession and everywhere I see my colleagues working constantly to grade up their products; learning every day how to attract more readers to news that they ought to be reading; slowly, but surely, building up a sense of political and social responsibility in the minds and hearts of their readers.

To me, these are the real heroes of newspapering. Their names appear in no by-lines. They get a great deal of scorn heaped on their heads. Some say they are men who have sold their souls. Others call them pure technicians intrigued only with the mechanics of newspapering.

There are some who may be that. I do not know many of them. Most of those I know have the hardest roles of all. They know that the goals they seek will not be attained in their lifetimes. All they are trying to do is to push newspapering ahead—to make it a vital and progressive force in the lives of the people they serve. If they sometimes do it behind a somewhat cynical and jocular veil, theirs is none the less a proud and honest crusade.

Yes, technically, they are to blame for not giving the people more UN news. All I say is that they are giving the readers more than they want. It is the newspaper which is ahead of the people; not vice versa. And the history books all teach that no matter what the vehicle it can never get too far in front of its people.

Or to phrase it another way, one must crawl before one can walk—and walk before one can run.

NORMAN E. ISAACS
St. Louis, Missouri. Managing Editor, St. Louis Star-Times.

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